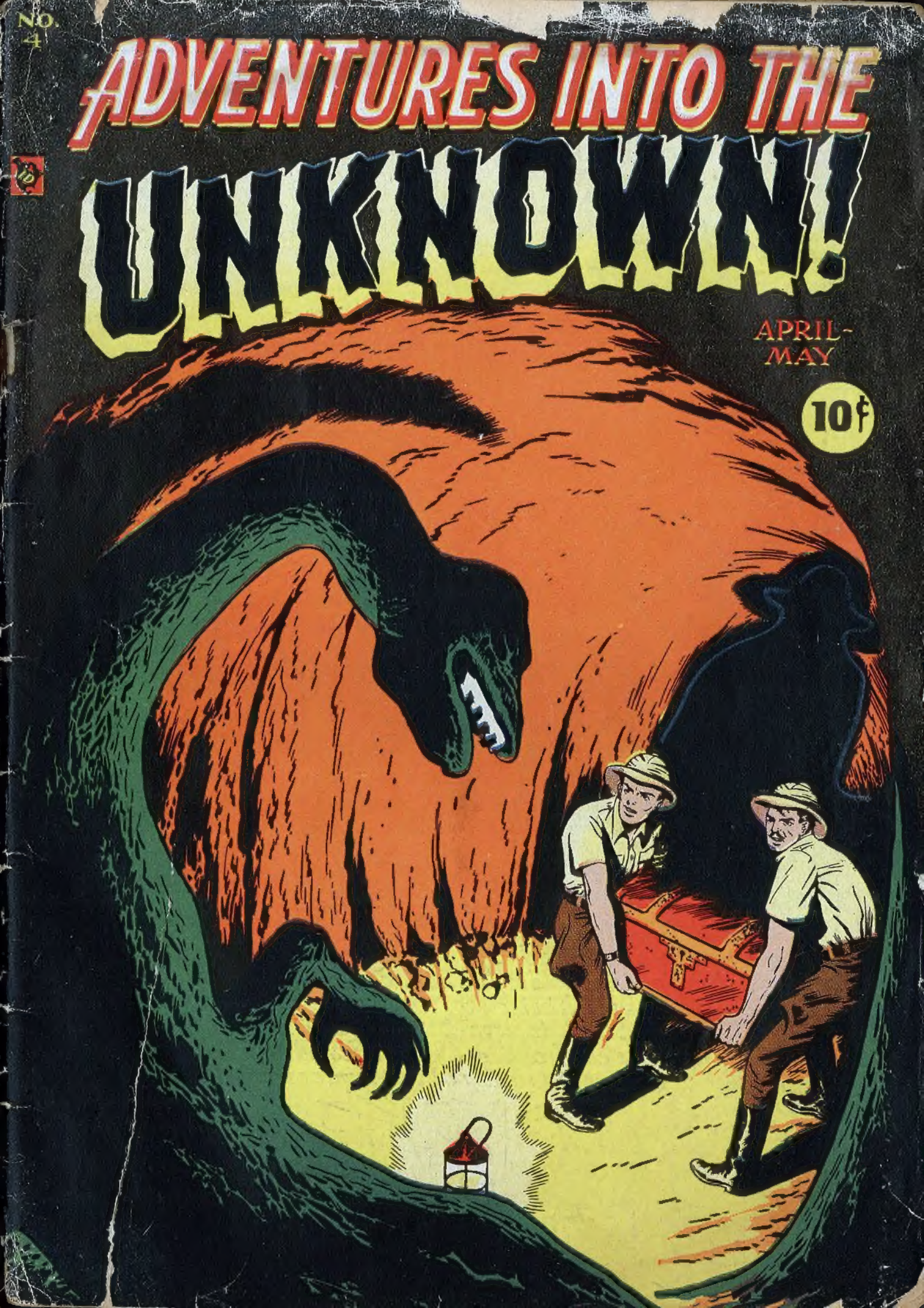
NO. 4

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

APRIL-MAY

10¢



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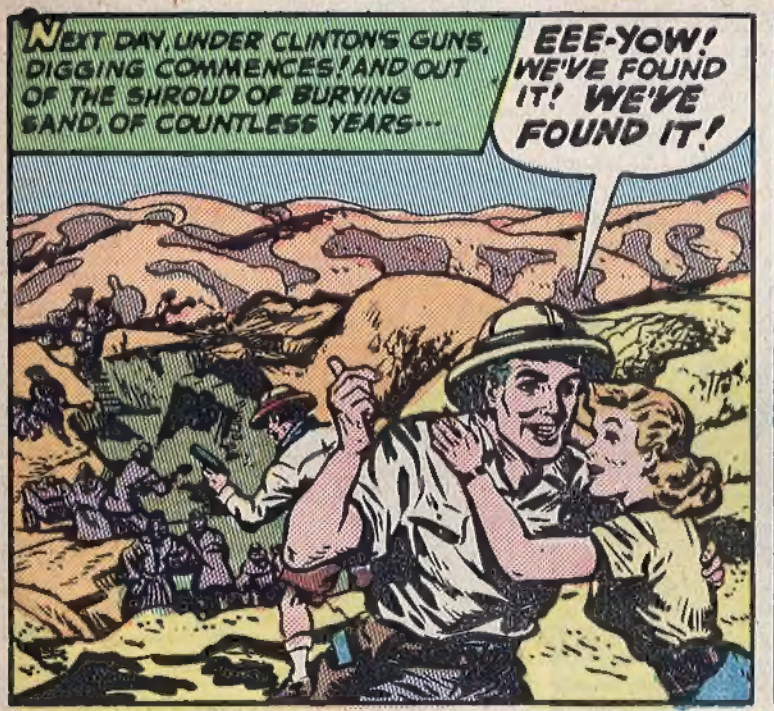
GIANTS of the UNKNOWN

CHILL AND MYSTERIOUS WERE THE GODS OF ANCIENT EGYPT ---MIGHTY FIGURES OF WRATH TOWERING THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME! WHAT DREAD LEGEND GAVE RISE TO SHAPES SO FEARFUL? WHY DO THEY STILL HAUNT THE DREAMS OF MEN? WERE THEY CREATURES OF MAN'S IMAGINATION---OR DID THEY ONCE IN SOME LONG-FORGOTTEN AGE, ACTUALLY WALK THE EARTH? LET'S ROLL BACK THE VEILS OF THE UNKNOWN --- AND SEE THE STRANGE ANSWER!

HEY···I'VE GOT IT! EDWARD CLINTON! HE'S RICH, WITH AN EYE FOR PUBLICITY···HE'S ALREADY BACKED SEVERAL EXPEDITIONS! THIS SHOULD BE BIG ENOUGH TO INTEREST HIM!
AND SO CLINTON RECEIVES A PROPOSITION!
SO WHAT? I'VE ALREADY BACKED SEVERAL OF THESE JUNKETS, AND WHO AMONG THE PUBLIC EVEN KNOWS MY NAME?
BUT THIS IS BIGTIME STUFF! THE GREAT GOD WHO'S THE FATHER OF ALL EGYPTIAN GODS···WHY, ALONGSIDE OF HIM, TUT-ANKHAMEN WAS BUSH-LEAGUE MATERIAL! AND IF THE CLINTON EXPEDITION DUG HIM UP, YOUR NAME WOULD BECOME A BYWORD!
PUT THAT WAY, HOW COULD CLINTON SAY NO? WITHIN WEEKS, THE GREAT EXPEDITION IS READIED···
BE CAREFUL, THERE! THAT STUFF'S WORTH MONEY!
CLINTON EXPEDIT
I NEVER DREAMED HE'D INSIST ON COMING ALONG! HOPE WE HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH HIM!
CLINTON EXPEDIT
···AND PUTS TO SEA, BOUND FOR THE GREAT UNKNOWN ···AND FABULOUS, UNSENSED ADVENTURES WHICH LOOM AHEAD!
EGYPT ···AND OUT ACROSS THE TRACKLESS DESERT!
I···I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE HERE! OH, PRAY THAT THE MANUSCRIPT WAS TRUE, TOM···PRAY!
MILE AFTER LONELY MILE··· THEN FINALLY, THE GOAL IS REACHED! A BARREN SPOT, SWEPT BY LONELY WINDS THAT MOAN OF UNTOLD DANGERS···OF ANCIENT DEATH!
IS THIS···THE PLACE? HOPE WE'LL FIND WHAT WE CAME FOR, BUT···IT'S KIND OF SCAREY, ISN'T IT? THE WIND···THOSE STRANGE DUNES···
WHOOO-OOOOOOOO
TOM! I···I'M F-FRIGHTENED!

AIEEEE! HEED THE WARNING OF THE GODS ...THIS PLACE IS CURSED! IT IS THE HAUNT OF EVIL SPIRITS! TO INTRUDE IS DEATH!

TAKE THAT, YOU HYSTERICAL FOOL!... AND THE REST OF YOU...STOP! I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO ATTEMPTS TO DESERT!
NO SHOOT! WE...WE STAY!

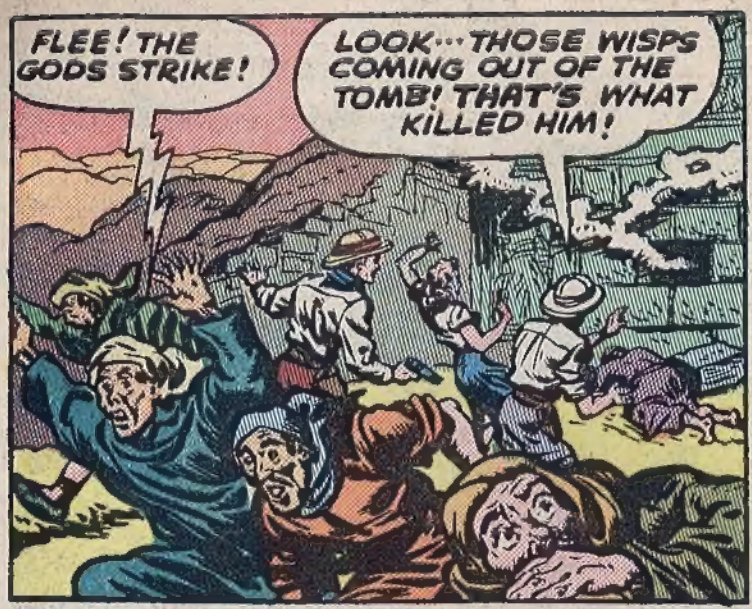

NEXT DAY, UNDER CLINTON'S GUNS, DIGGING COMMENCES! AND OUT OF THE SHROUD OF BURYING SAND, OF COUNTLESS YEARS...
EEE-YOW! WE'VE FOUND IT! WE'VE FOUND IT!

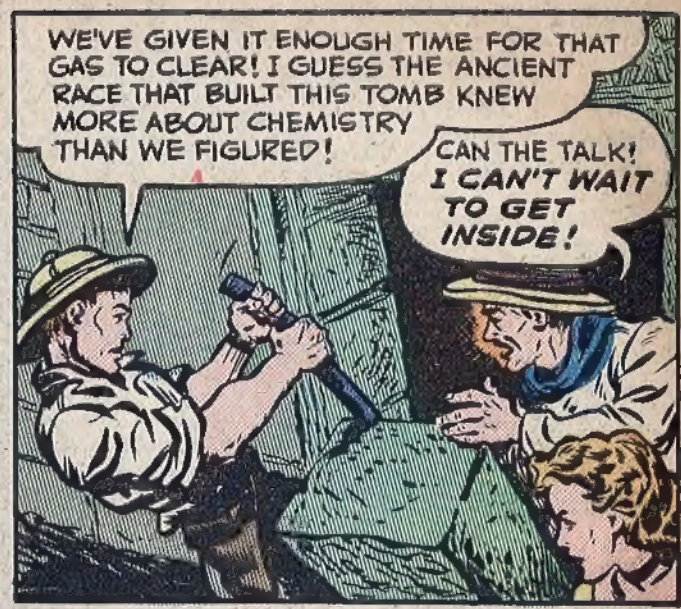
AND SOON...
LOOK AT IT! THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS! C'MON ...LET'S BREAK IN...
WAIT... THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB! LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS FIRST!

JEEPERS! IT...IT'S AN ANCIENT CURSE ON ANYONE WHO DARES VIOLATE THIS TOMB! IT WARNS OF DEATH AND SUDDEN DISASTER FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN!
DO...DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE'S ANYTHING IN IT?
NUTS! THESE "CURSES" ARE STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON TOMBS! LET'S GO AHEAD!

I'M THE LEADER OF THIS EXPEDITION... I'LL GIVE THE ORDERS!...YOU, OVER THERE! START BREAKING INTO THAT TOMB...OR I'LL FINISH YOU RIGHT NOW!

AS THE FIRST STONE BLOCK IS REMOVED, REVEALING THE DARK INTERIOR...
AH-HHHHHH!





INSIDE THE GREAT TOMB··· THE STRANGE GLORIES OF A LONG-DEAD CIVILIZATION! AND HOVERING ABOVE ALL, A SENSE OF BROODING, UNKNOWN EVIL!

GOLLY! THERE'S A KING'S RANSOM FOR YOU HERE, CLINTON!

I'VE ALREADY GOT WEALTH··· WHAT I'M AFTER IS POWER, FAME ···AND I FEEL I'M GOING TO GET THEM FROM OUR DISCOVERIES HERE! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT SARCOPHAGUS! ONCE WE SEE WHAT'S IN THAT, I'LL HAVE WHAT I'M AFTER!

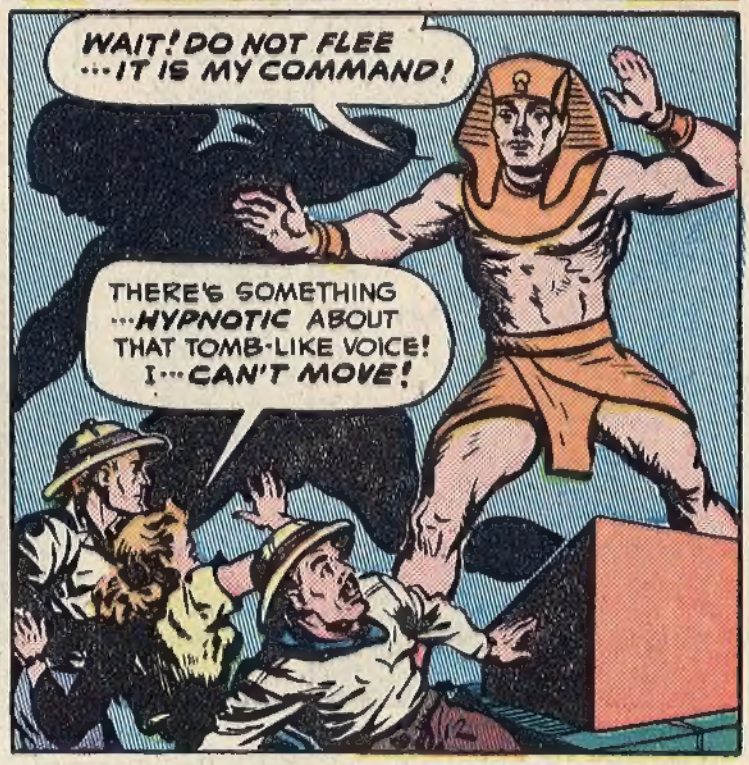
CAREFULLY, TOM INSPECTS THE INTERIOR! HE TOUCHES A PROJECTION··· AND THERE IS A PONDEROUS RUMBLING AS ANCIENT COUNTERWEIGHTS CREAK INTO MOTION! A FALSE BOTTOM SLIDES AWAY, REVEALING···

THERE···THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS IN HISTORY! I···I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S UNDER THESE BANDAGES!
NO, CLINTON···DON'T! EXPOSE THAT FACE, AND IT WILL CRUMBLE INTO DUST!

BUT···BENEATH THE ANCIENT WRAPPINGS···
GREAT SCOTT ···LOOK! YOU ···YOU'D THINK HE WAS SLEEPING!
THE FACE IS PERFECT! SOME GREAT EMBALMING SECRET, I SUPPOSE··· LOST WITH THE CENTURIES!

HOLY SMOKE··· HIS EYES! THAT THING'S ALIVE!

OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, ENTOMBED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, YET THIS CREATURE ···LIVES!
R-RIP!
RUN!
EEEEEK!


WAIT! DO NOT FLEE ···IT IS MY COMMAND!
THERE'S SOMETHING ···HYPNOTIC ABOUT THAT TOMB-LIKE VOICE! I···CAN'T MOVE!

YOU FEAR ME, MORTALS? YOU, WHO HAVE RELEASED ME FROM THE PRISON WHERE I HAVE LAIN, IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION, FOR TENS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS?
WHO···WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU COME TO BE HERE? ARE YOU··· HUMAN?

HUMAN? I CANNOT ANSWER THAT! ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I AM EL-RANO···THAT I COME FROM ANOTHER RACE, NOW DEAD AND LONG VANISHED, WHICH LIVED HERE 50,000 YEARS AGO! BUT I HAVE A MESSAGE TO BRING TO YOU WHO HAVE COME AFTER US···A MESSAGE ACROSS THE AEONS! COME WITH ME···LET ME SHOW YOU!
5

A SLAB IN THE FLOOR SLIDES ASIDE, REVEALING ANCIENT STONE STEPS WHICH SEEM TO WIND INTO THE VERY BOWELS OF THE EARTH! IN A CHAMBER FAR BELOW---

WHAT A PLACE! AND THOSE STRANGE WEAPONS---THEY LOOK LIKE THE NIGHTMARE OF A MAD SCIENTIST!

IN A WAY, THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE! THE END-PRODUCTS OF A GREAT PREHISTORIC CIVILIZATION WHICH RAN RIOT AND DESTROYED ITSELF LONG BEFORE THE BIRTH OF HISTORY! LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THAT CIVILIZATION!

"IN THE BEGINNING, WE WERE AS YOU WERE---SIMPLE CAVEMEN, FACED WITH ALL OF THE PERILS OF SAVAGE NATURE!"

AIEEE!

"THE COUNTLESS YEARS WITNESSED EVOLUTION! AS TIME WENT ON, CERTAIN OF THESE CAVEMEN ADAPTED THEMSELVES TO THEIR ENVIRONMENT BY BECOMING LARGER, STRONGER! AND FINALLY--A RACE OF GIANTS EMERGED!"

ARRRGH!

"GROWING INTELLECT KEPT PACE WITH GIANT BODIES, AND FINALLY A GREAT CIVILIZATION WAS BUILT! BUT MY RACE SPLIT INTO WARRING FACTIONS, CREATED STRANGE NEW BATTLE DEVICES---"

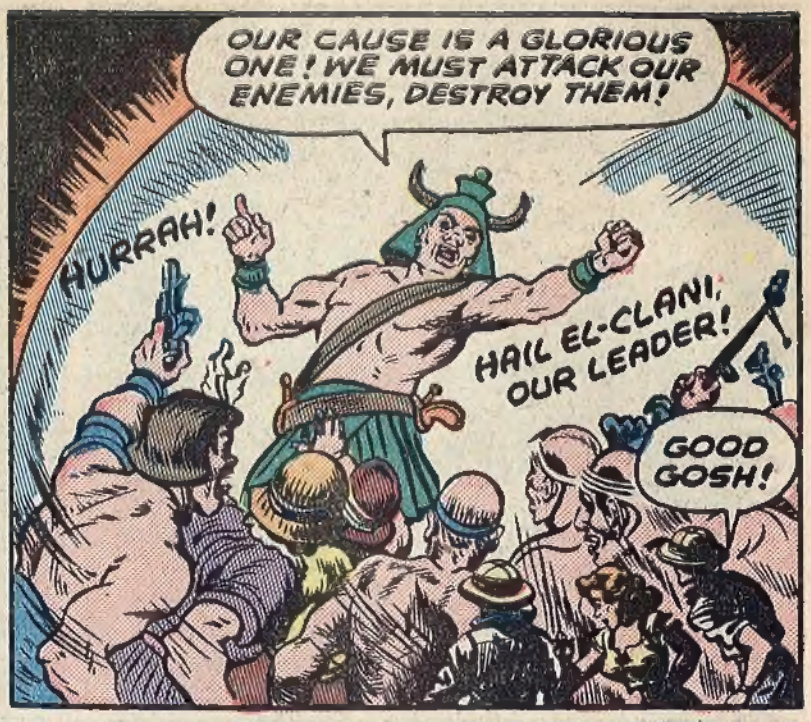
MANY THOUSANDS WILL DIE FROM THIS DAY'S WORK! IT IS GOOD!

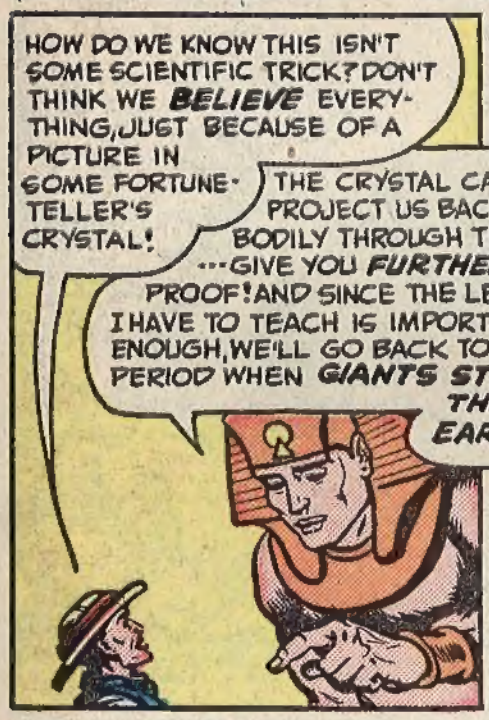
I PLEADED TO DEVOTE OUR SCIENCE TO PEACE, NOT WAR---AND AS A PUNISHMENT, WAS WALLED UP IN THIS TOMB! AND SINCE NO TRACE OF MY RACE IS LEFT ON EARTH, WHAT I FEARED MUST HAVE HAPPENED! OUR STRANGE WEAPONS RAN RIOT, DESTROYING EVERY VESTIGE OF OUR CIVILIZATION!

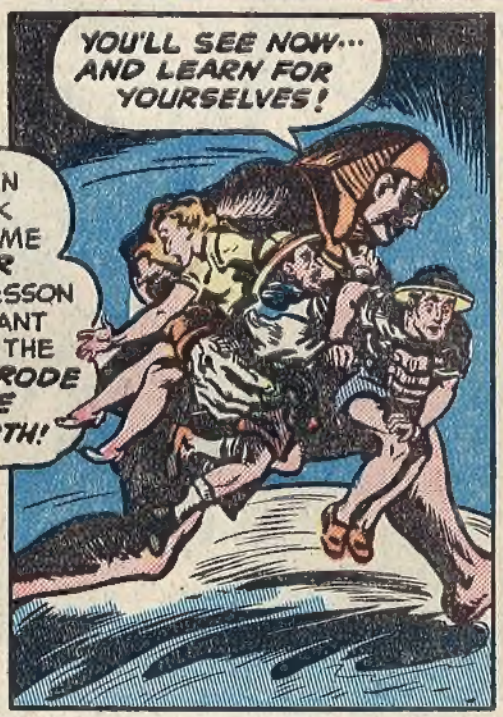
IF ALL THIS IS TRUE, HOW COME THIS TOMB SURVIVED---AND YOU ALONG WITH IT?

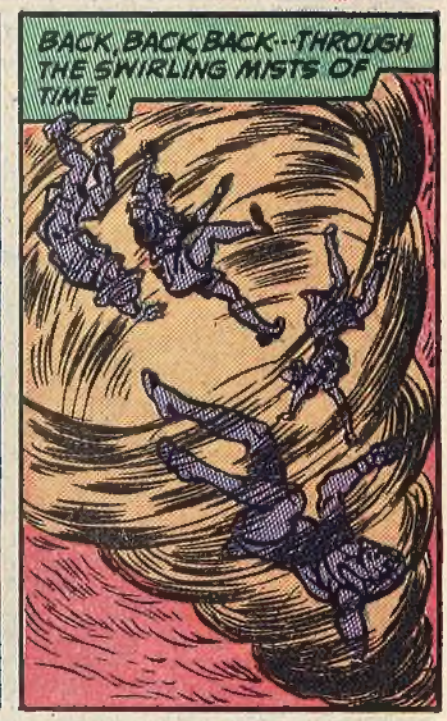
SO YOU ARE RELUCTANT TO BELIEVE! COME---LET ME PROVE THE TRUTH OF MY WORDS!

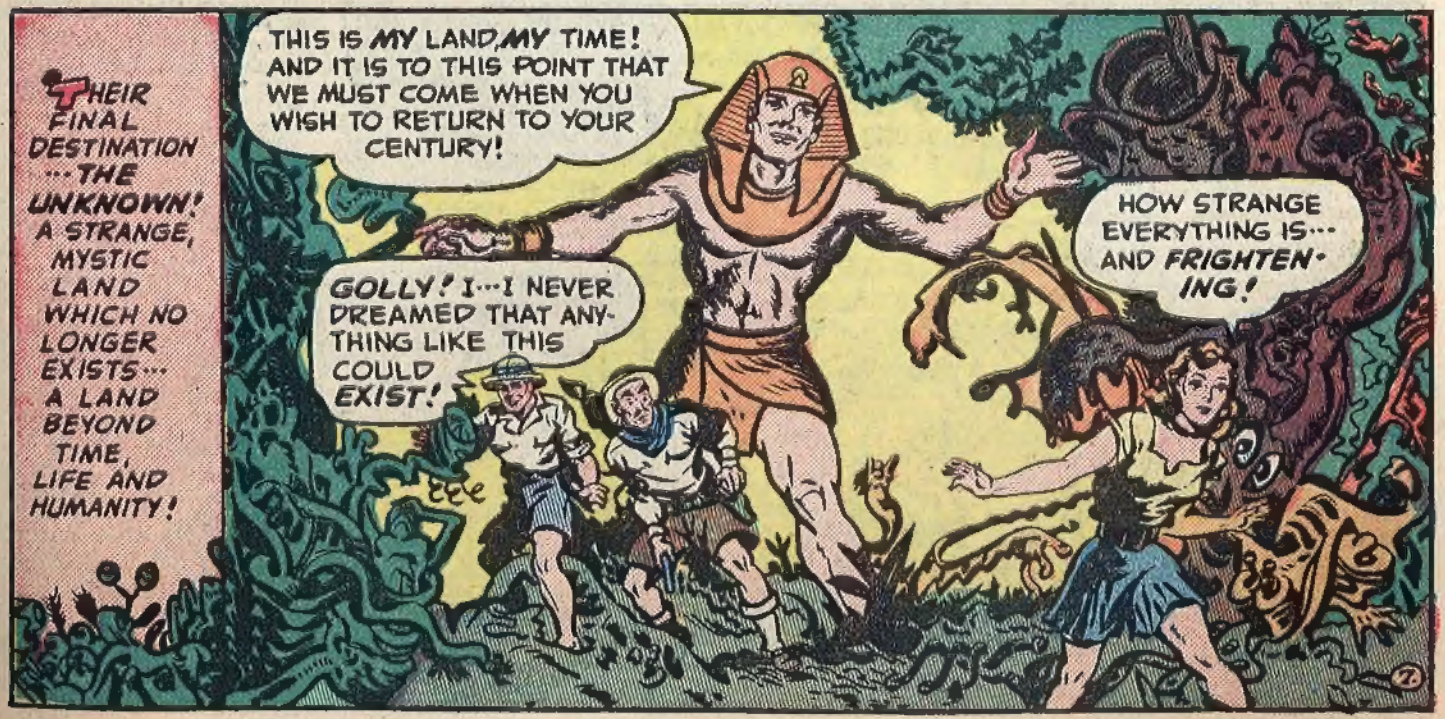
THIS, TOO, WAS A PRODUCT OF OUR DEAD CIVILIZATION! IT MIRRORS THE PAST, SHOWS WHAT HAPPENED ON EARTH MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! WATCH!

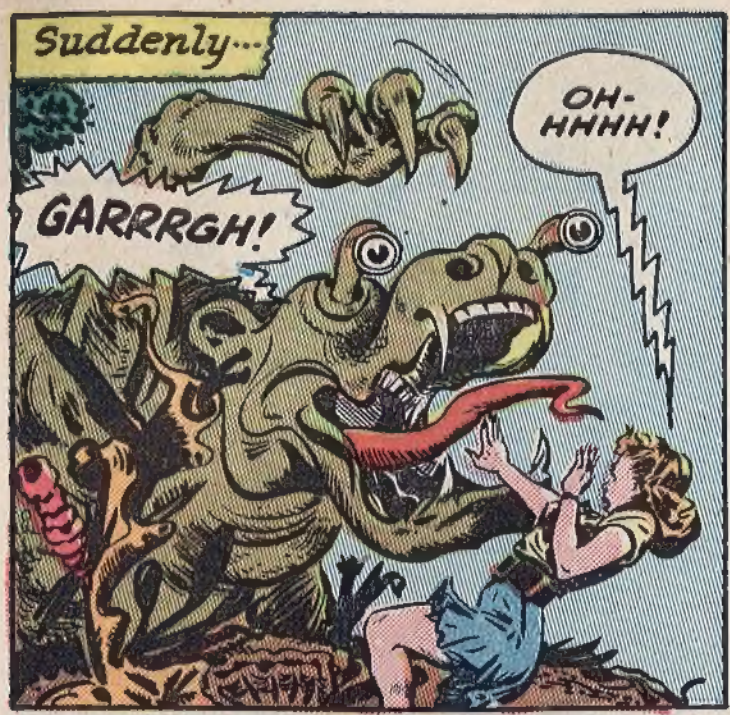

OUR CAUSE IS A GLORIOUS ONE! WE MUST ATTACK OUR ENEMIES, DESTROY THEM!
HURRAH!
HAIL EL-CLANI, OUR LEADER!
GOOD GOSH!


HOW DO WE KNOW THIS ISN'T SOME SCIENTIFIC TRICK? DON'T THINK WE BELIEVE EVERYTHING, JUST BECAUSE OF A PICTURE IN SOME FORTUNE-TELLER'S CRYSTAL!
THE CRYSTAL CAN PROJECT US BACK BODILY THROUGH TIME ...GIVE YOU FURTHER PROOF! AND SINCE THE LESSON I HAVE TO TEACH IS IMPORTANT ENOUGH, WE'LL GO BACK TO THE PERIOD WHEN GIANTS STRODE THE EARTH!


YOU'LL SEE NOW... AND LEARN FOR YOURSELVES!


BACK, BACK, BACK--THROUGH THE SWIRLING MISTS OF TIME!

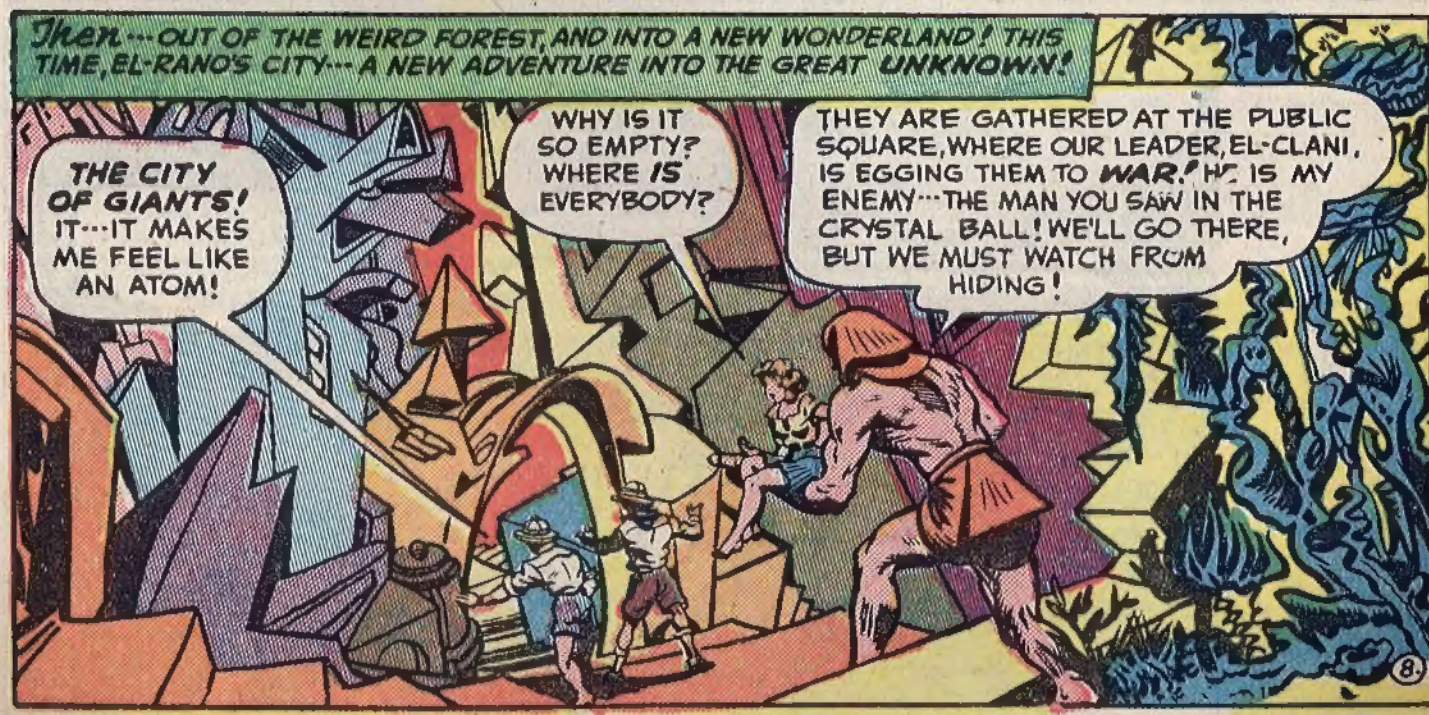

THEIR FINAL DESTINATION ...THE UNKNOWN! A STRANGE, MYSTIC LAND WHICH NO LONGER EXISTS... A LAND BEYOND TIME, LIFE AND HUMANITY!
THIS IS MY LAND, MY TIME! AND IT IS TO THIS POINT THAT WE MUST COME WHEN YOU WISH TO RETURN TO YOUR CENTURY!
GOLLY! I...I NEVER DREAMED THAT ANYTHING LIKE THIS COULD EXIST!
HOW STRANGE EVERYTHING IS... AND FRIGHTENING!


Suddenly...
GARRRGH!
OH-HHHH!

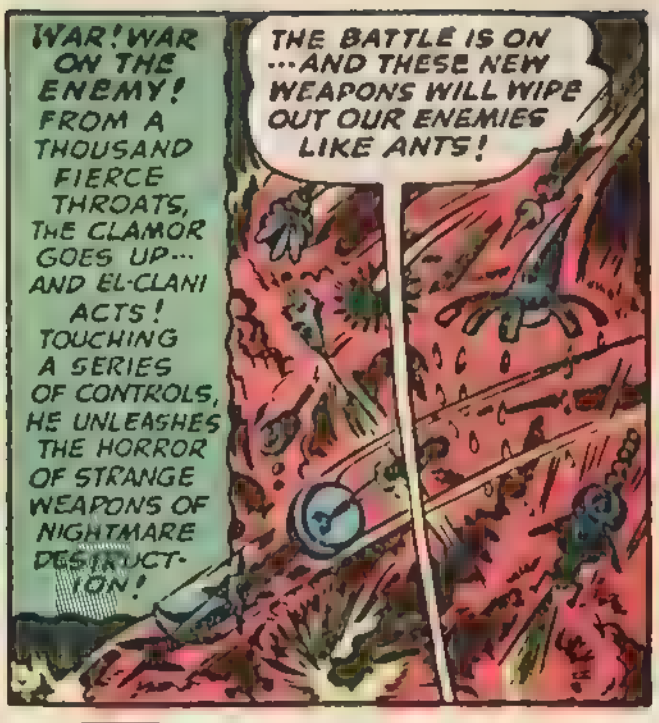
ARRROWW!
HELP! HELP!
GOOD GOSH! THESE GUNS ARE TOYS, ALONG-SIDE OF THAT!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

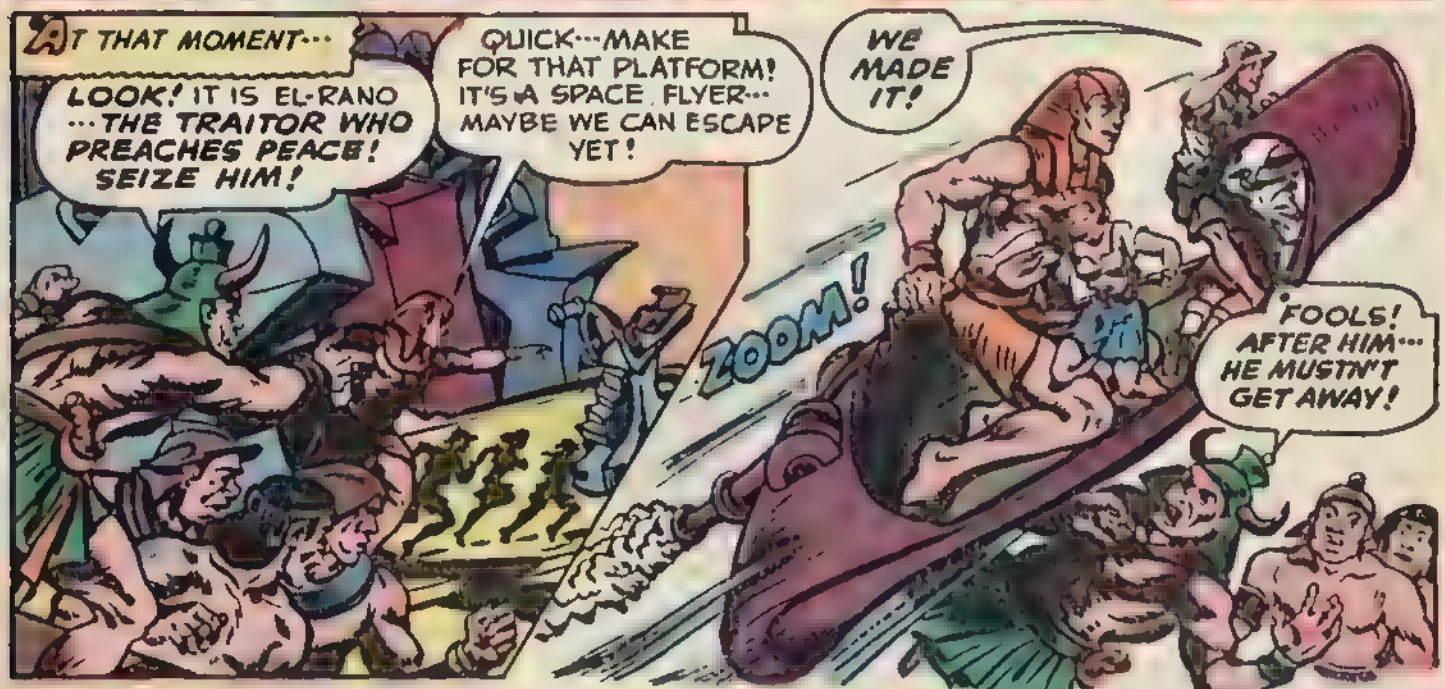
BACK, YOU DEVIL! BACK!

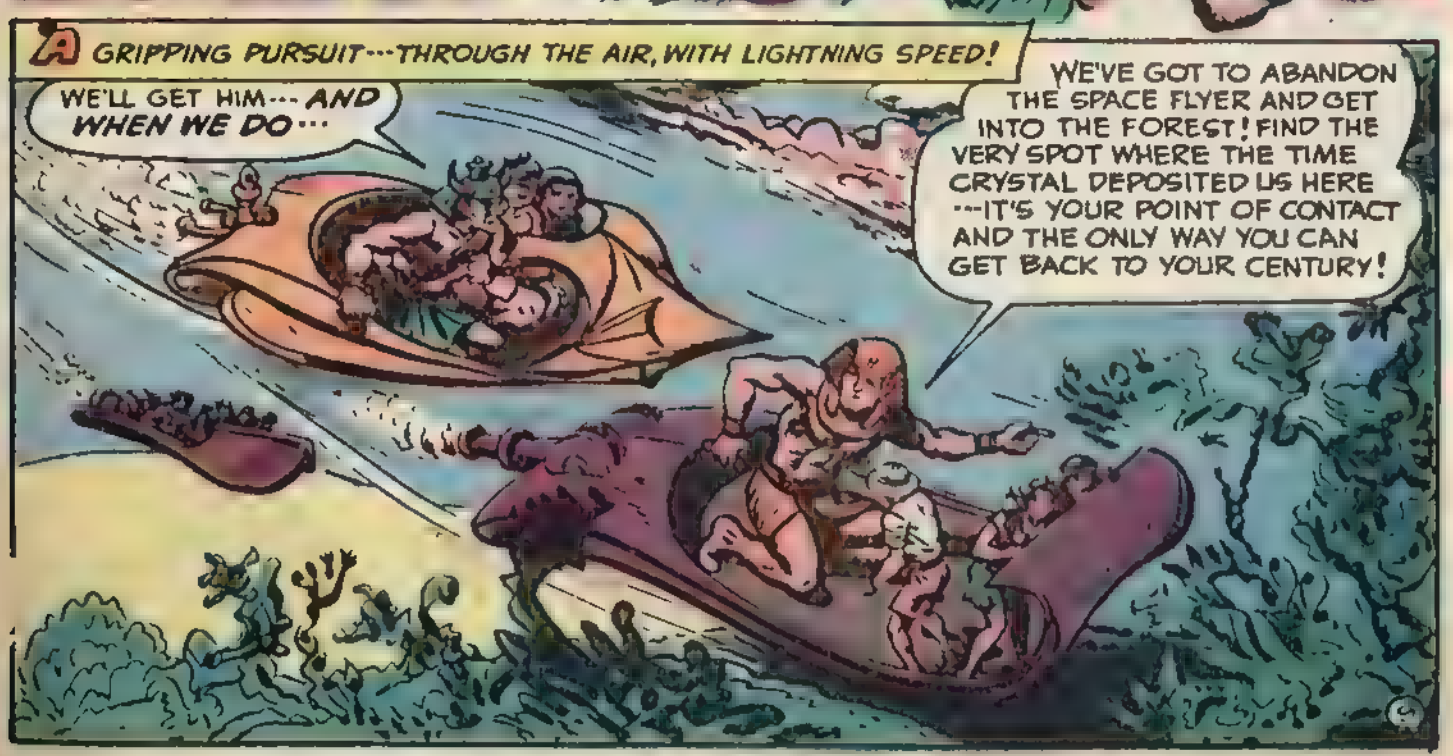
THERE! HE'S ...FINISHED!
HE... HE'S GOT THE POWER OF A HUNDRED MEN!

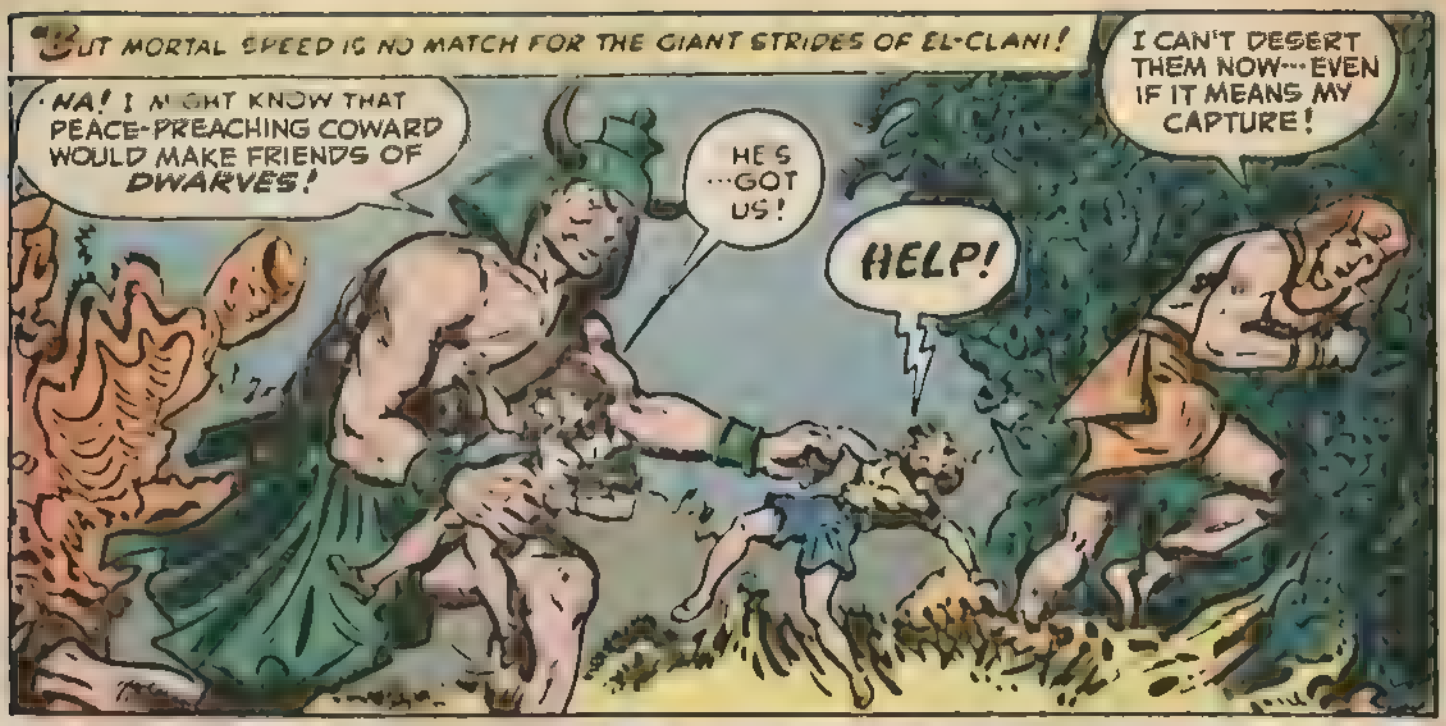

Then... OUT OF THE WEIRD FOREST, AND INTO A NEW WONDERLAND! THIS TIME, EL-RANO'S CITY... A NEW ADVENTURE INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN!
THE CITY OF GIANTS! IT... IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE AN ATOM!
WHY IS IT SO EMPTY? WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
THEY ARE GATHERED AT THE PUBLIC SQUARE, WHERE OUR LEADER, EL-CLANI, IS EGGING THEM TO WAR! HE IS MY ENEMY... THE MAN YOU SAW IN THE CRYSTAL BALL! WE'LL GO THERE, BUT WE MUST WATCH FROM HIDING!

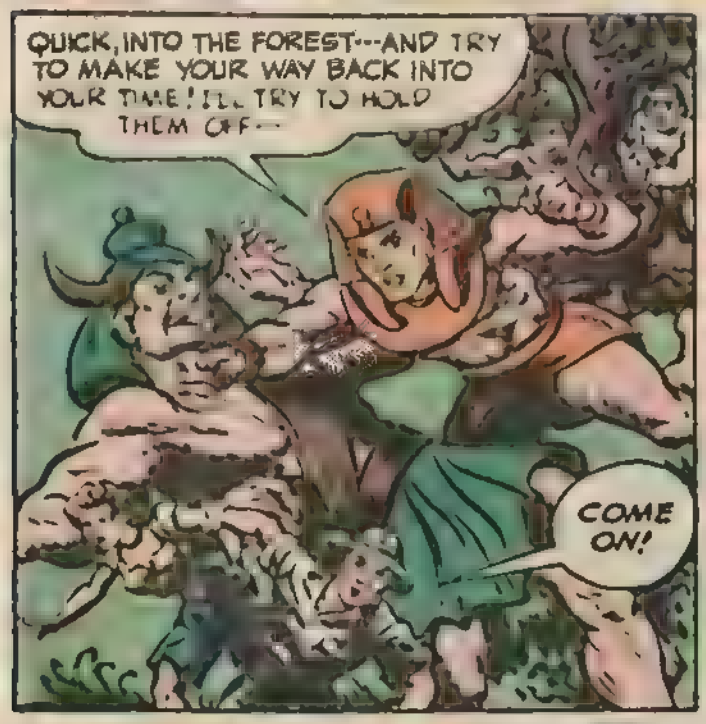
THAT'S HIM··· LISTEN!
OUR CAUSE IS A GLORIOUS ONE! WE MUST ATTACK OUR ENEMIES, DESTROY THEM!
HURRAH!
HAIL EL-CLANI, OUR LEADER!

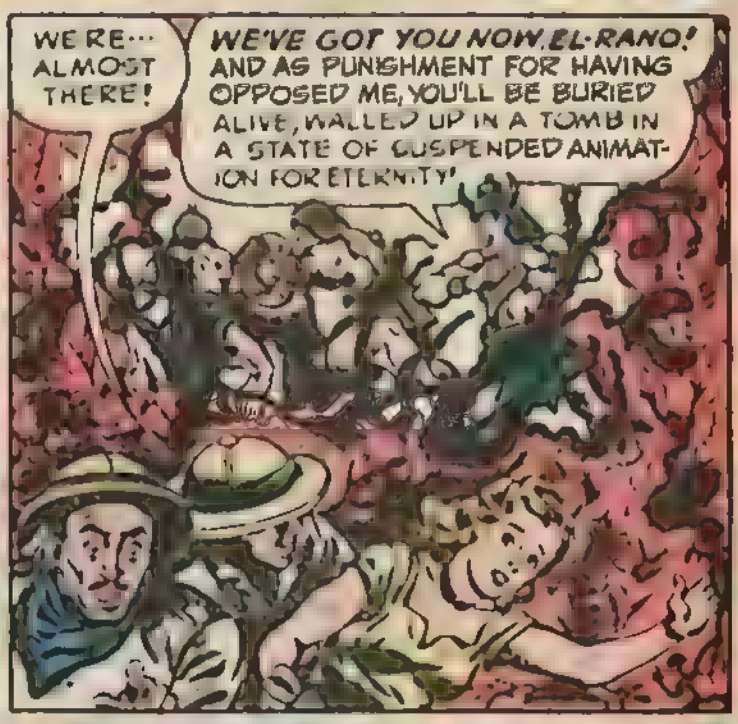

WAR! WAR ON THE ENEMY! FROM A THOUSAND FIERCE THROATS, THE CLAMOR GOES UP··· AND EL-CLANI ACTS! TOUCHING A SERIES OF CONTROLS, HE UNLEASHES THE HORROR OF STRANGE WEAPONS OF NIGHTMARE DESTRUCTION!
THE BATTLE IS ON ···AND THESE NEW WEAPONS WILL WIPE OUT OUR ENEMIES LIKE ANTS!

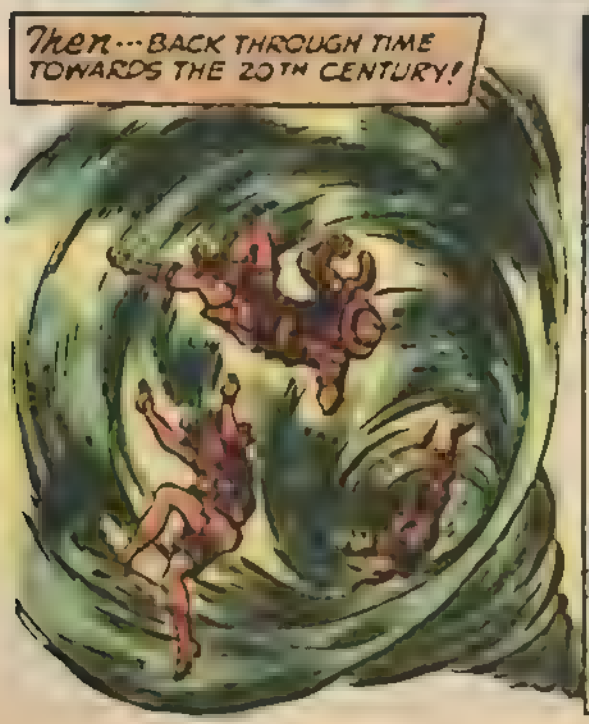

AT THAT MOMENT···
LOOK! IT IS EL-RANO ···THE TRAITOR WHO PREACHES PEACE! SEIZE HIM!
QUICK···MAKE FOR THAT PLATFORM! IT'S A SPACE FLYER··· MAYBE WE CAN ESCAPE YET!
WE MADE IT!
ZOOM!
FOOLS! AFTER HIM··· HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!

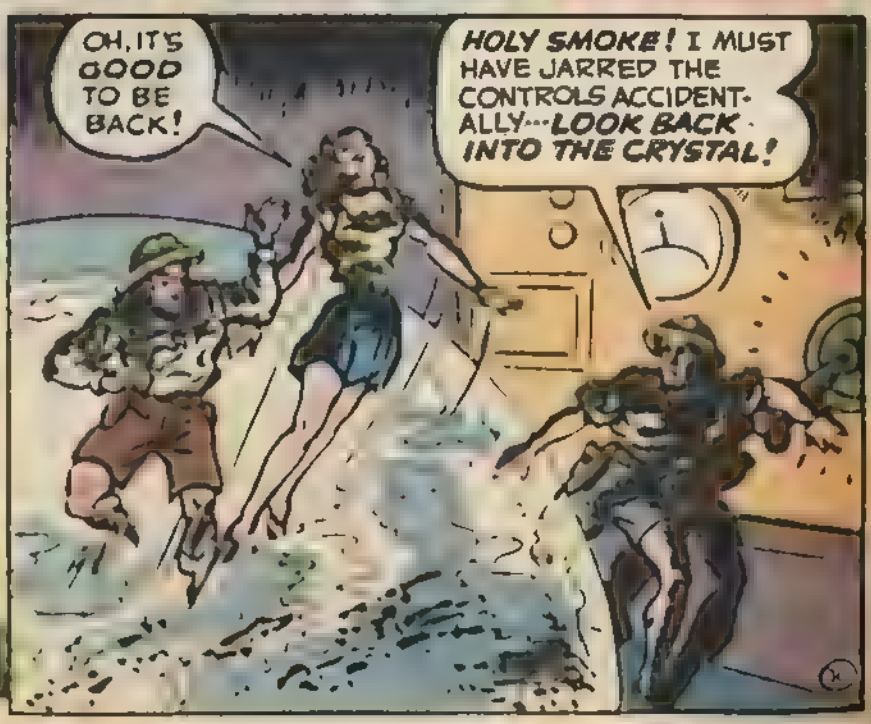

A GRIPPING PURSUIT···THROUGH THE AIR, WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!
WE'LL GET HIM··· AND WHEN WE DO···
WE'VE GOT TO ABANDON THE SPACE FLYER AND GET INTO THE FOREST! FIND THE VERY SPOT WHERE THE TIME CRYSTAL DEPOSITED US HERE ···IT'S YOUR POINT OF CONTACT AND THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN GET BACK TO YOUR CENTURY!

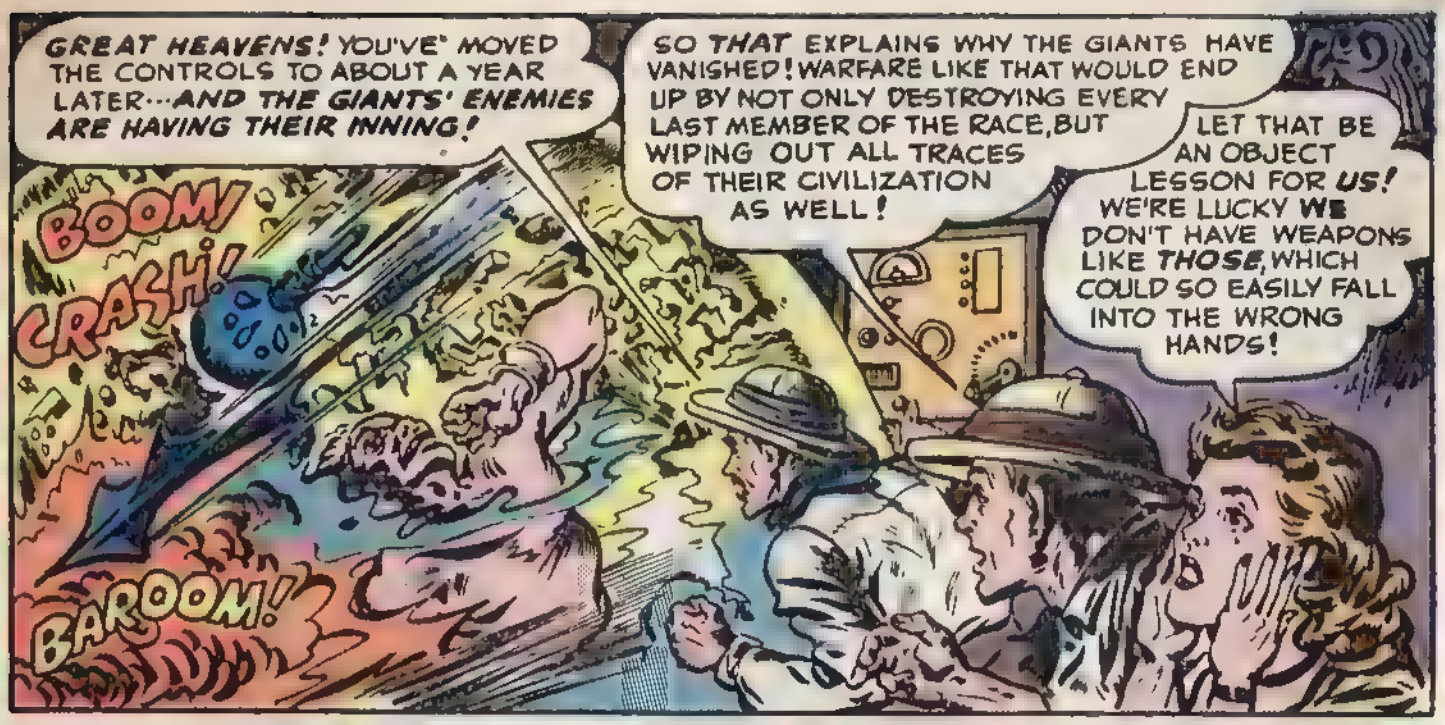

BUT MORTAL SPEED IS NO MATCH FOR THE GIANT STRIDES OF EL-CLANI!
HA! I MIGHT KNOW THAT PEACE-PREACHING COWARD WOULD MAKE FRIENDS OF DWARVES!
HE'S ...GOT US!
HELP!
I CAN'T DESERT THEM NOW... EVEN IF IT MEANS MY CAPTURE!

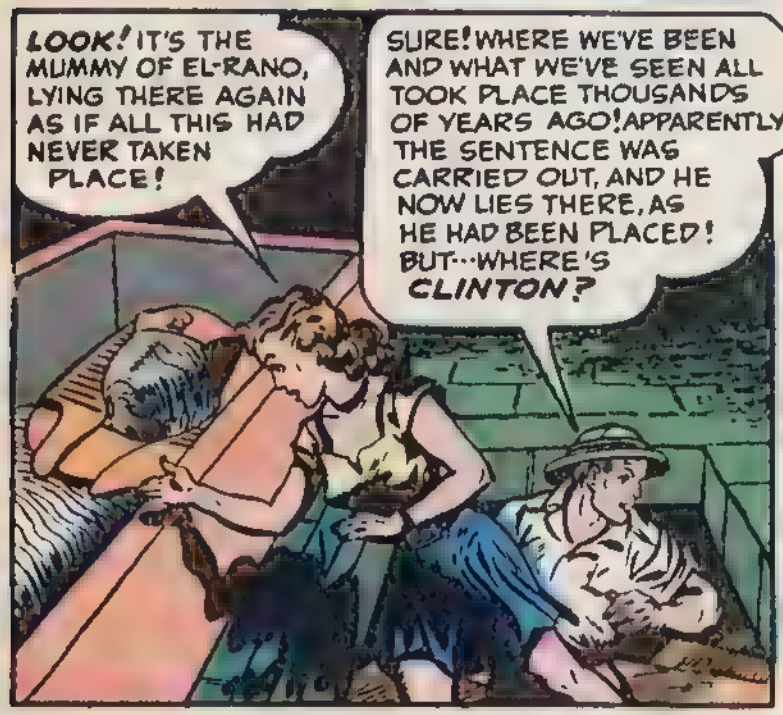

QUICK, INTO THE FOREST...AND TRY TO MAKE YOUR WAY BACK INTO YOUR TIME! I'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF—
COME ON!


WE'RE... ALMOST THERE!
WE'VE GOT YOU NOW, EL-RANO! AND AS PUNISHMENT FOR HAVING OPPOSED ME, YOU'LL BE BURIED ALIVE, WALLED UP IN A TOMB IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR ETERNITY!


Then... BACK THROUGH TIME TOWARDS THE 20TH CENTURY!


OH, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK!
HOLY SMOKE! I MUST HAVE JARRED THE CONTROLS ACCIDENTALLY... LOOK BACK INTO THE CRYSTAL!

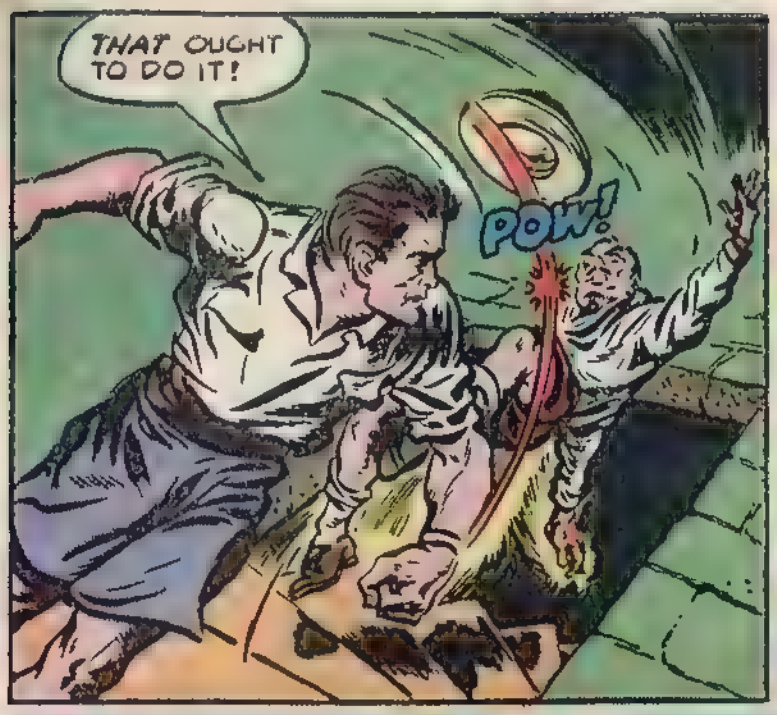

GREAT HEAVENS! YOU'VE MOVED THE CONTROLS TO ABOUT A YEAR LATER···AND THE GIANTS' ENEMIES ARE HAVING THEIR INNING!
BOOMY
CRASH!
BAROOM!
SO THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE GIANTS HAVE VANISHED! WARFARE LIKE THAT WOULD END UP BY NOT ONLY DESTROYING EVERY LAST MEMBER OF THE RACE, BUT WIPING OUT ALL TRACES OF THEIR CIVILIZATION AS WELL!
LET THAT BE AN OBJECT LESSON FOR US! WE'RE LUCKY WE DON'T HAVE WEAPONS LIKE THOSE, WHICH COULD SO EASILY FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS!

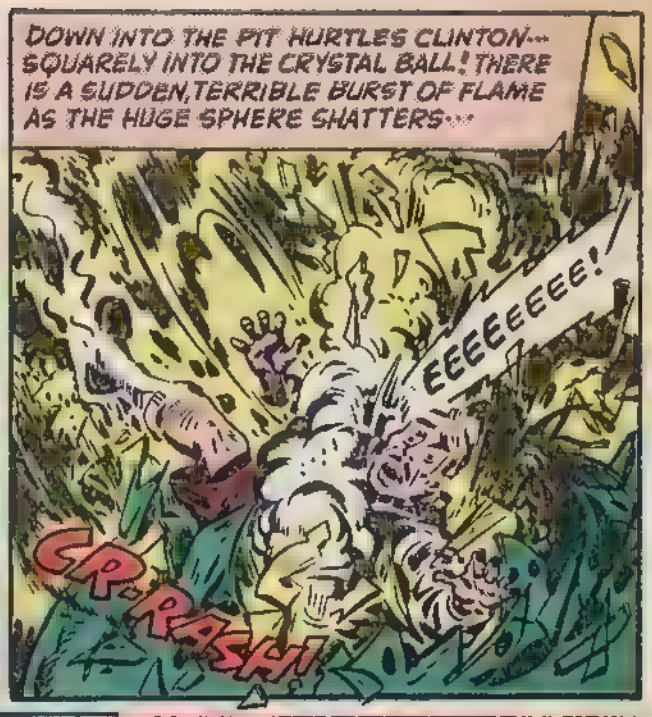

LOOK! IT'S THE MUMMY OF EL-RANO, LYING THERE AGAIN AS IF ALL THIS HAD NEVER TAKEN PLACE!
SURE! WHERE WE'VE BEEN AND WHAT WE'VE SEEN ALL TOOK PLACE THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! APPARENTLY THE SENTENCE WAS CARRIED OUT, AND HE NOW LIES THERE, AS HE HAD BEEN PLACED! BUT···WHERE'S CLINTON?

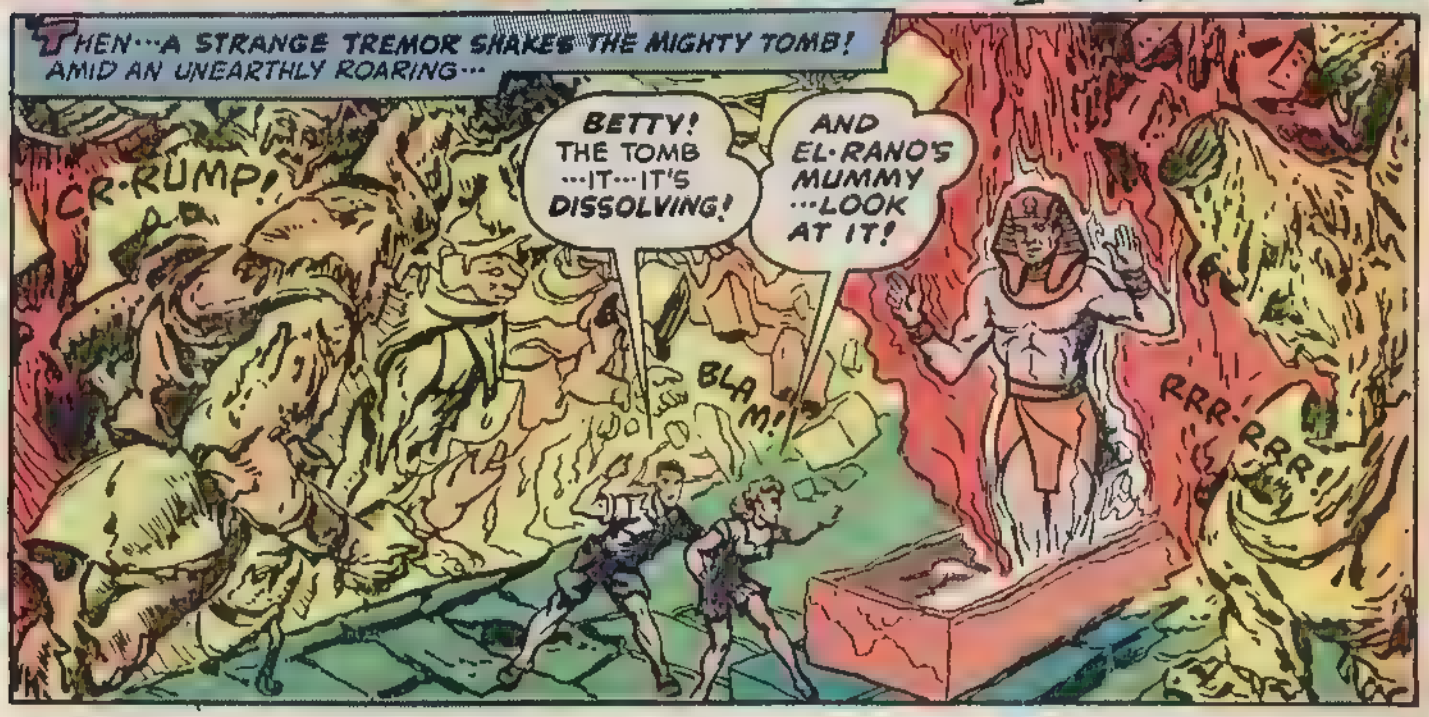
I STAYED DOWN THERE···TO GATHER THESE! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED POWER, FAME···AND NOW THEY'RE MINE! WITH THESE WEAPONS, I CAN RULE THE WORLD! AND IF ANYBODY··· EVEN ARMIES···TRY TO STOP ME, I'LL WIPE THEM OUT LIKE FLIES!

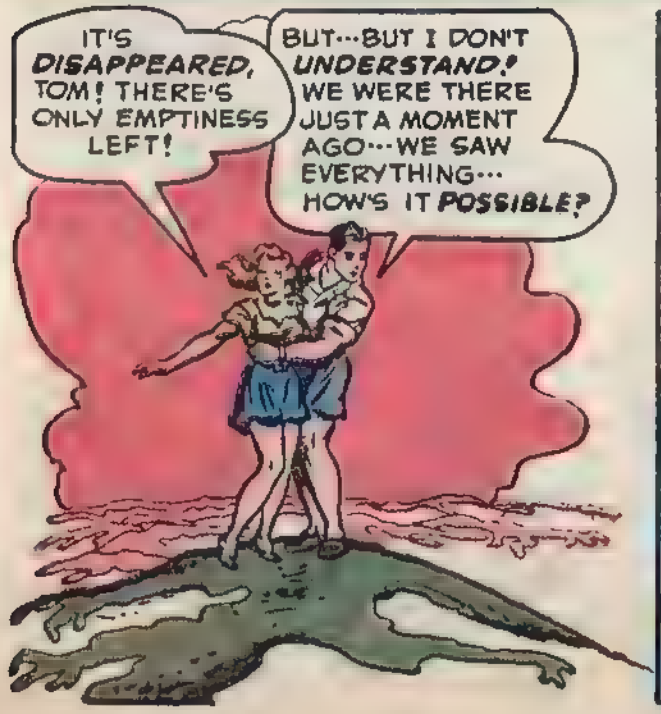
YOU···YOU'RE CRAZY! IF YOU DO THAT, YOU'RE CONDEMNING THE HUMAN RACE TO THE SAME SENSELESS DESTRUCTION WHICH WIPED OUT THE GIANTS!
TRYING TO STAND IN MY WAY, ARE YOU···YOU FOOL! THEN YOU'LL BE MY FIRST VICTIM!

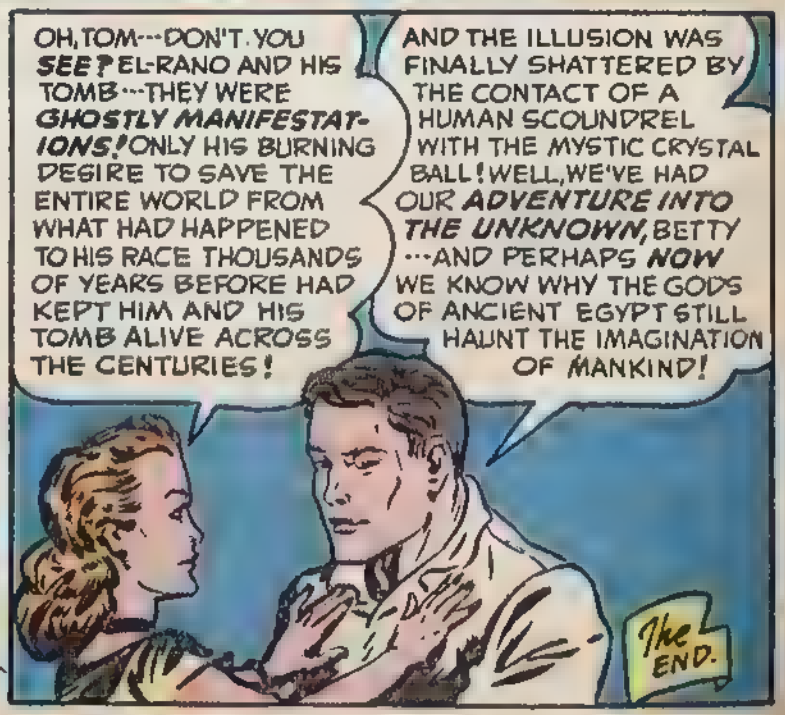
I'LL···STOP YOU IF IT'S THE LAST···
UGH!


THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!
POW!


DOWN INTO THE PIT HURTLES CLINTON--- SQUARELY INTO THE CRYSTAL BALL! THERE IS A SUDDEN, TERRIBLE BURST OF FLAME AS THE HUGE SPHERE SHATTERS---
EEEEEEEE!
CR-RASH!


THEN---A STRANGE TREMOR SHAKES THE MIGHTY TOMB! AMID AN UNEARTHLY ROARING---
CR-RUMP!
BETTY! THE TOMB ---IT---IT'S DISSOLVING!
AND EL-RANO'S MUMMY ---LOOK AT IT!
BLAM!
RRR-RRR!

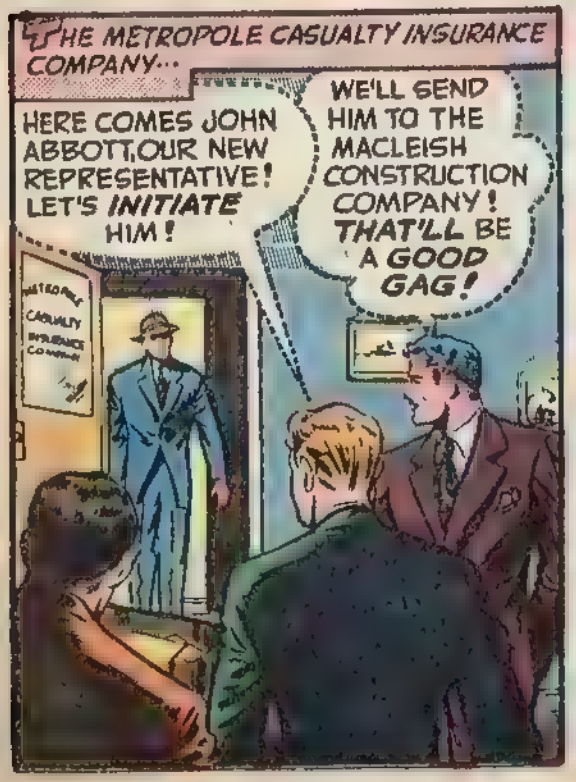

IT'S DISAPPEARED, TOM! THERE'S ONLY EMPTINESS LEFT!
BUT---BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WE WERE THERE JUST A MOMENT AGO---WE SAW EVERYTHING--- HOW'S IT POSSIBLE?


OH, TOM---DON'T YOU SEE? EL-RANO AND HIS TOMB---THEY WERE GHOSTLY MANIFESTATIONS! ONLY HIS BURNING DESIRE TO SAVE THE ENTIRE WORLD FROM WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS RACE THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEFORE HAD KEPT HIM AND HIS TOMB ALIVE ACROSS THE CENTURIES!
AND THE ILLUSION WAS FINALLY SHATTERED BY THE CONTACT OF A HUMAN SCOUNDREL WITH THE MYSTIC CRYSTAL BALL! WELL, WE'VE HAD OUR ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN, BETTY ---AND PERHAPS NOW WE KNOW WHY THE GODS OF ANCIENT EGYPT STILL HAUNT THE IMAGINATION OF MANKIND!
The END.

The AFFAIR of ROOM 1313

ROOM 1313

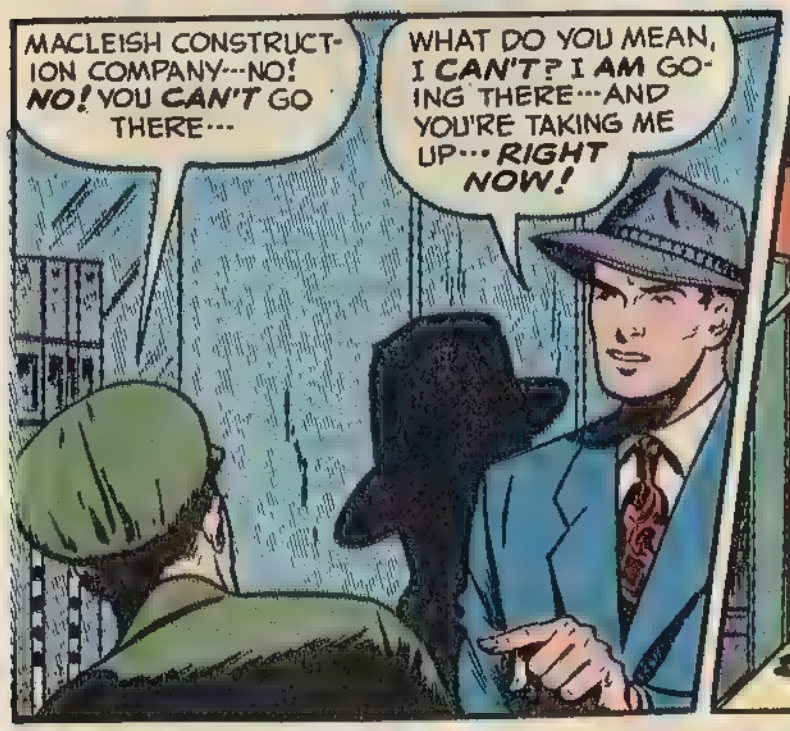
The UNKNOWN HOLDS MANY STRANGE AND BURIED SECRETS ...BUT NONE STRANGER THAN THE WEIRD TALE OF ROOM 1313! CAN SUCH THINGS BE? READ THIS GRIPPING STORY... AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELF!

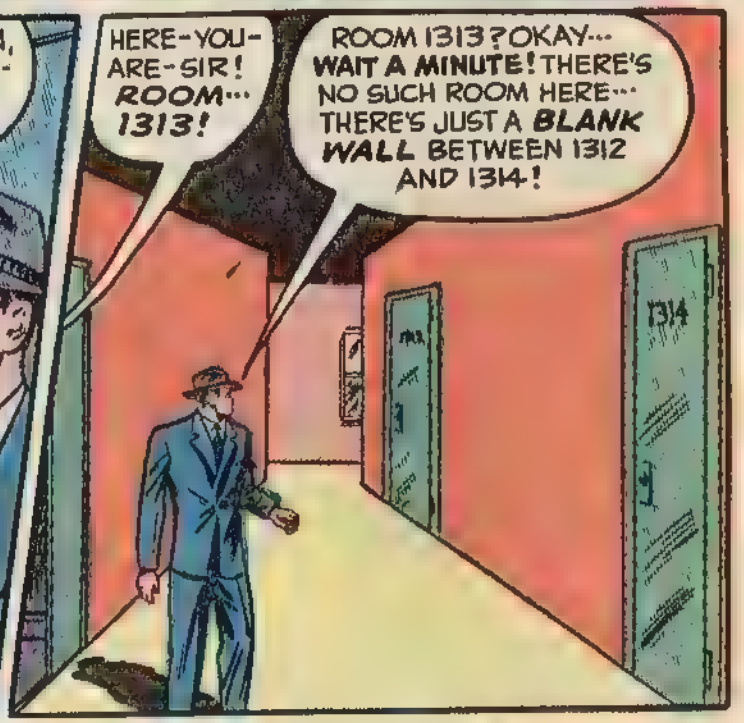


MACDOWELL, MASON, MERCHANTS, INC··· BUT NO MACLEISH! I KNOW THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE··· I'LL ASK AN ELEVATOR OPERATOR!
ECTORY

BLAZES, THIS CROWD IS WORSE THAN AN ARMY MESS HALL! HEY! THAT LAST ELEVATOR'S EMPTY ···JUST WAITING FOR ME! WHAT LUCK!

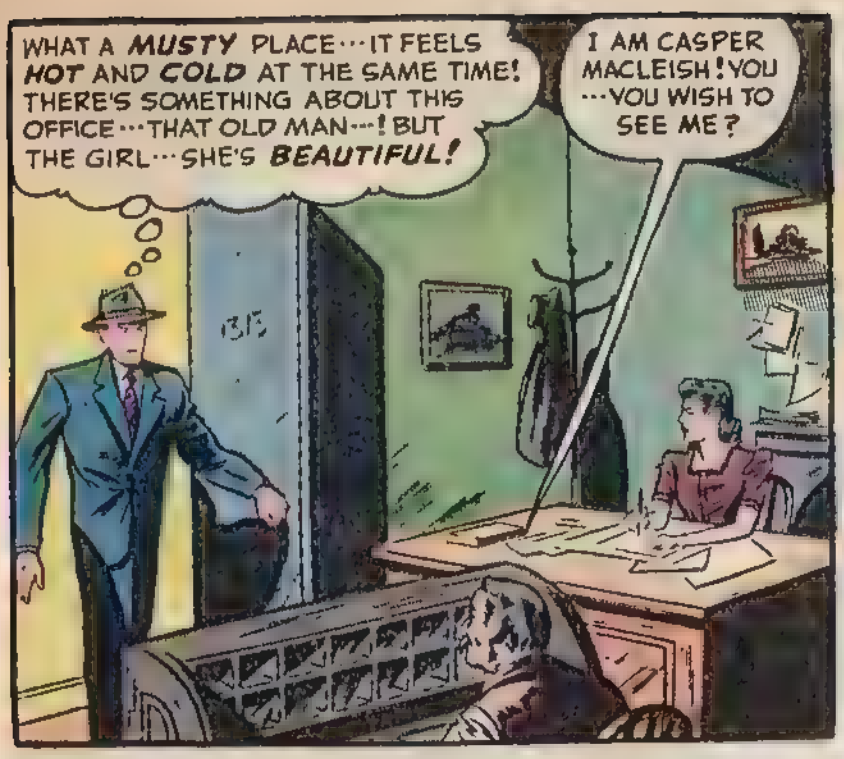
IT NEVER OCCURRED TO JOHN ABBOTT TO QUESTION HIS "LUCK"···THAT EMPTY ELEVATOR!
RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR··· GOING UP!
I'M LOOKING FOR THE MACLEISH CONSTRUCTION COMPANY!


MACLEISH CONSTRUCTION COMPANY···NO! NO! YOU CAN'T GO THERE···
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I CAN'T? I AM GOING THERE···AND YOU'RE TAKING ME UP··· RIGHT NOW!

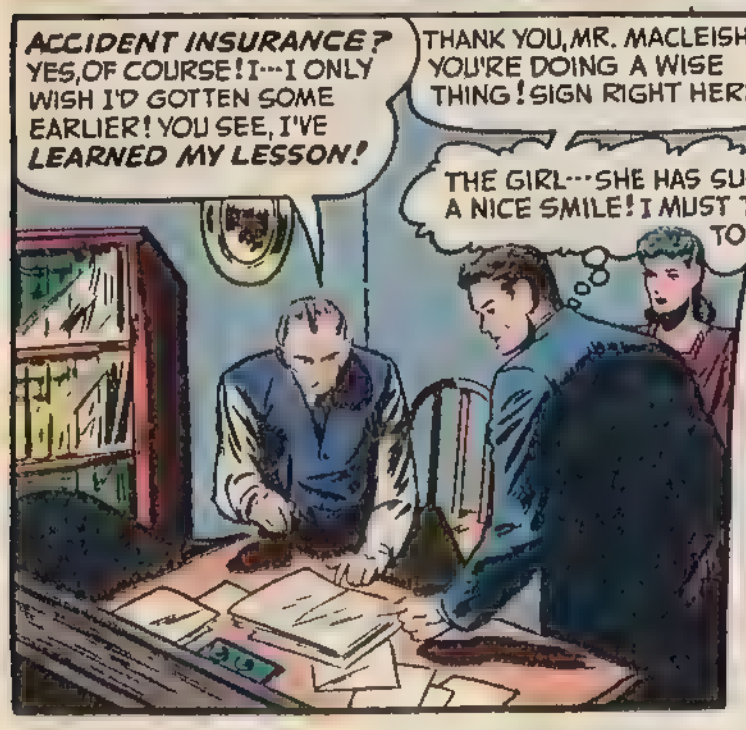

HERE-YOU-ARE-SIR! ROOM··· 1313!
ROOM 1313? OKAY··· WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S NO SUCH ROOM HERE··· THERE'S JUST A BLANK WALL BETWEEN 1312 AND 1314!
1314

HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HEAR ME! HE LOOKS SO STRANGE!
I SAID THERE IS NO ROOM 1313!

WELL, I'LL BE···! I WOULD HAVE SWORN THAT WAS NOTHING BUT A BLANK WALL! BUT IT IS ROOM 1313···WAITING FOR ME!
1312
1313

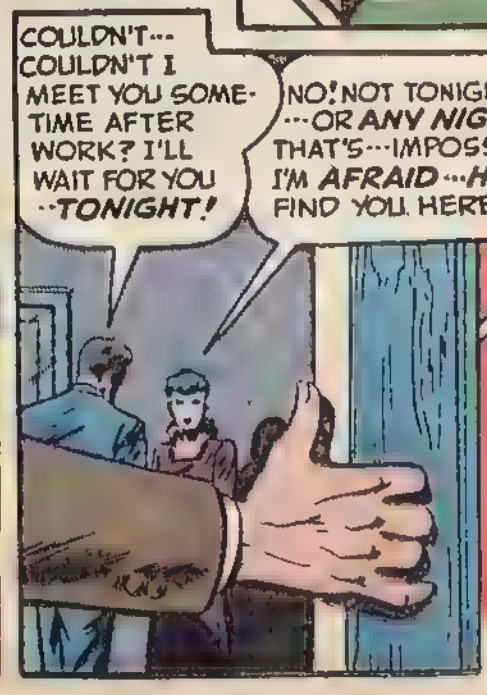

WHAT A MUSTY PLACE···IT FEELS HOT AND COLD AT THE SAME TIME! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS OFFICE···THAT OLD MAN···! BUT THE GIRL···SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!
I AM CASPER MACLEISH! YOU ···YOU WISH TO SEE ME?

THIS IS MY SECRETARY, ELLEN ROGERS!
I'M JOHN ABBOTT, MR. MACLEISH! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT INSURANCE ·ACCIDENT INSURANCE!


ACCIDENT INSURANCE? YES, OF COURSE! I···I ONLY WISH I'D GOTTEN SOME EARLIER! YOU SEE, I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!
THANK YOU, MR. MACLEISH! YOU'RE DOING A WISE THING! SIGN RIGHT HERE!
THE GIRL···SHE HAS SUCH A NICE SMILE! I MUST TALK TO HER!

THANK YOU TOO, MISS ROGERS! IT ISN'T EVERY SALE THAT'S AS ···AS PLEASANT AS THIS ONE!
YOU'RE A GOOD SALESMAN, MR. ABBOTT! UP HERE, WE NEVER SEE PEOPLE···LIKE YOU!

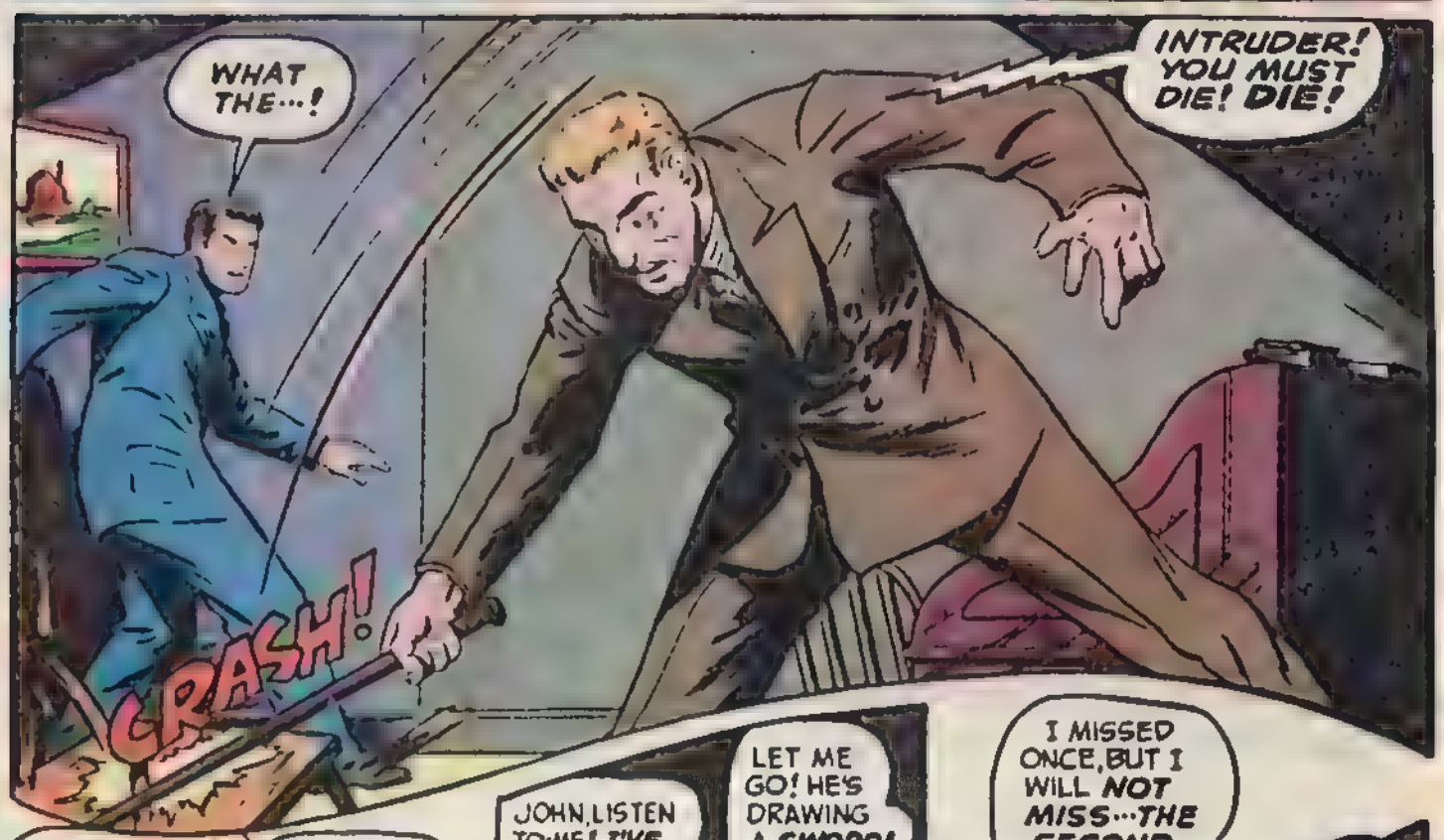
LOOK! ELLEN···MISS ROGERS! FORGIVE ME···I DON'T USUALLY ACT THIS WAY! BUT I'VE NEVER MET A GIRL LIKE YOU BEFORE!
NO···I DON'T THINK ···YOU HAVE··

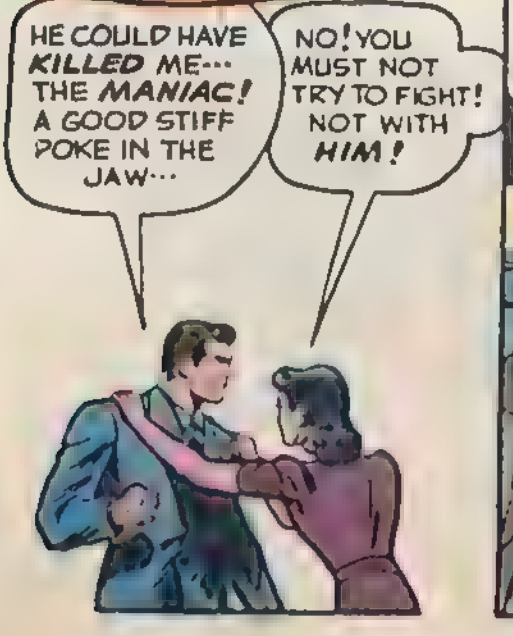

COULDN'T··· COULDN'T I MEET YOU SOMETIME AFTER WORK? I'LL WAIT FOR YOU ··TONIGHT!
NO! NOT TONIGHT ···OR ANY NIGHT! THAT'S···IMPOSSIBLE! I'M AFRAID···HE'LL FIND YOU HERE···

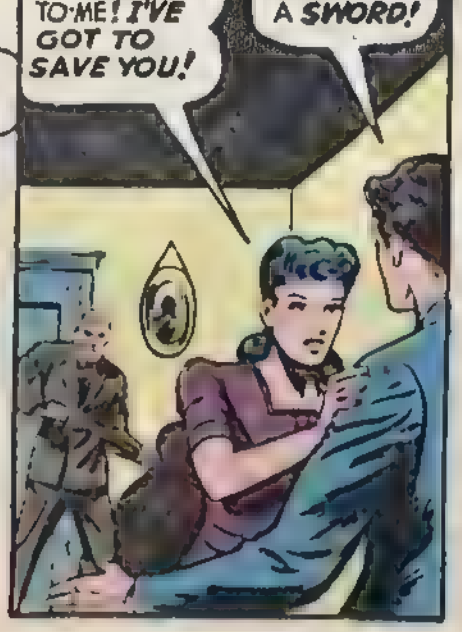
··· MR. GREGORY!

WHO ··WHO'S HE···AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? IS HE JEALOUS?
NO, JOHN! BELIEVE ME, HE'S NOT JEALOUS!
WHAT ··ARE··· YOU···DOING ···HERE?

YOU'RE A RASH FOOL! FOR COMING HERE···AND FOR LETTING ME FIND YOU! AND FOR YOUR FOLLY···YOU MUST PAY!
THAT LOOK IN HIS EYE··· HE'S MAD!

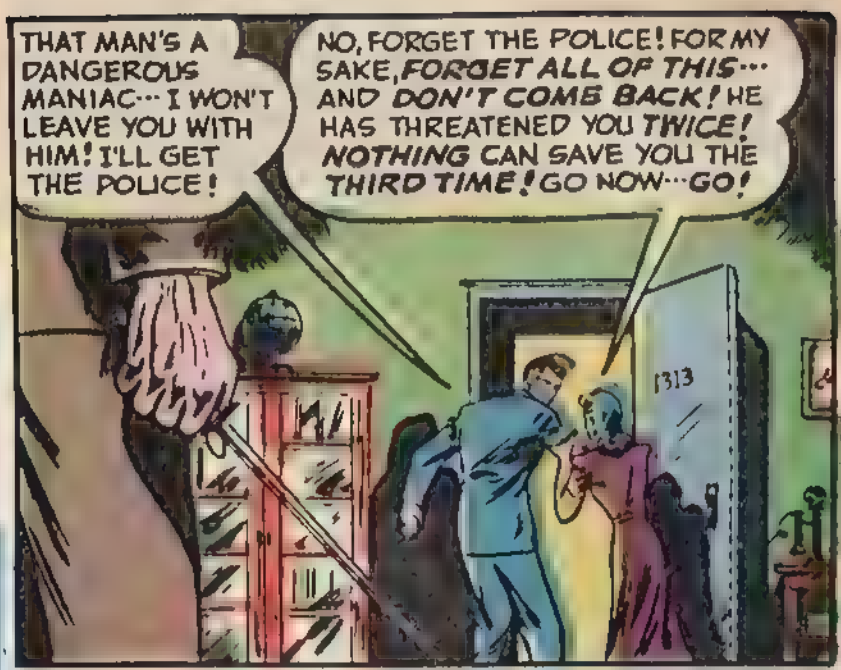

WHAT THE···!
INTRUDER! YOU MUST DIE! DIE!
CRASH!

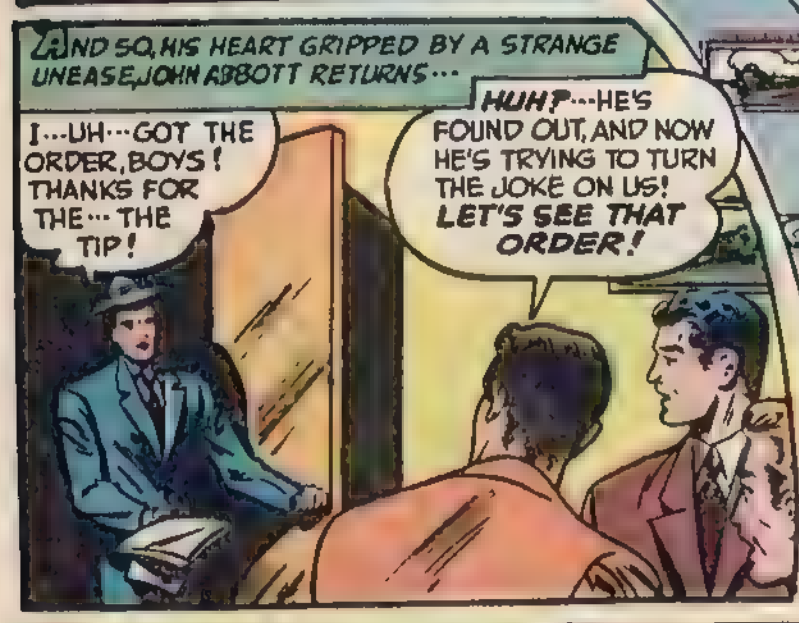

HE COULD HAVE KILLED ME··· THE MANIAC! A GOOD STIFF POKE IN THE JAW···
NO! YOU MUST NOT TRY TO FIGHT! NOT WITH HIM!

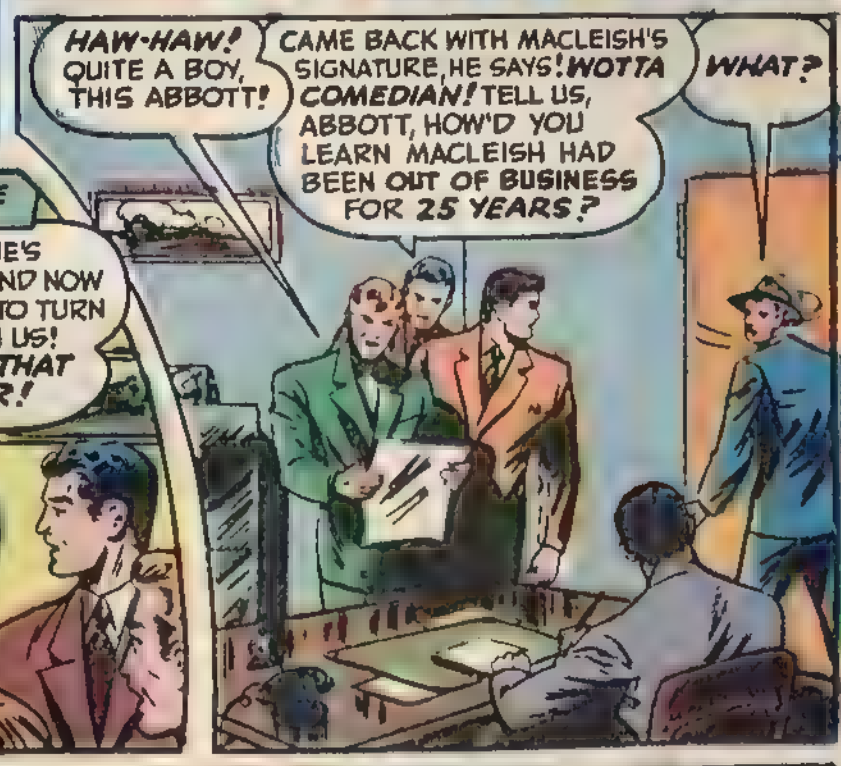

JOHN, LISTEN TO ME! I'VE GOT TO SAVE YOU!
LET ME GO! HE'S DRAWING A SWORD!

I MISSED ONCE, BUT I WILL NOT MISS···THE SECOND TIME!

PLEASE, LET HIM GO··· THIS TIME! LET HIM LIVE! HE'S INNOCENT ···HE CAME HERE BY MISTAKE! PLEASE!
LET HIM COME! I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM!


THAT MAN'S A DANGEROUS MANIAC··· I WON'T LEAVE YOU WITH HIM! I'LL GET THE POLICE!
NO, FORGET THE POLICE! FOR MY SAKE, FORGET ALL OF THIS··· AND DON'T COME BACK! HE HAS THREATENED YOU TWICE! NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU THE THIRD TIME! GO NOW···GO!
1313


AND SO, HIS HEART GRIPPED BY A STRANGE UNEASE, JOHN ABBOTT RETURNS···
I···UH···GOT THE ORDER, BOYS! THANKS FOR THE··· THE TIP!
HUH?···HE'S FOUND OUT, AND NOW HE'S TRYING TO TURN THE JOKE ON US! LET'S SEE THAT ORDER!


HAW-HAW! QUITE A BOY, THIS ABBOTT!
CAME BACK WITH MACLEISH'S SIGNATURE, HE SAYS! WOTTA COMEDIAN! TELL US, ABBOTT, HOW'D YOU LEARN MACLEISH HAD BEEN OUT OF BUSINESS FOR 25 YEARS?
WHAT?

THE BLOOD POUNDED IN ABBOTT'S TEMPLES! WHAT GRISLY JEST WAS THIS?
OUT OF BUSINESS FOR 25 YEARS···IT CAN'T BE! I WAS THERE MYSELF···SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! I MUST BE···LOSING MY MIND!

HEEDLESS OF THE GIRL'S STRANGE WARNING···
THIRTEENTH FLOOR, PLEASE ··· ROOM 1313!
YES, SIR ···WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY, MISTER?

THERE IS NO THIRTEENTH FLOOR IN THIS BUILDING!
NO··· NO!

YOU MUST BE A NEWCOMER AROUND HERE···OR A REAL *OLD-TIMER!* WE *USED* TO HAVE A THIRTEENTH FLOOR! NOW IT'S 12A···*FOR LUCK!*

BUT···BUT THE OTHER ELEVATOR BOY···THE SHORT, RED-HAIRED FELLOW WITH A FACEFUL OF FRECKLES···

BUD, YOU'RE WAY OFF! I NEVER SAW *ANYONE* AROUND HERE LOOKED LIKE *THAT!* HERE'S 12A ···THAT THE FLOOR YOU WANT?

YES, MAYBE THIS IS THE FLOOR I··· I WANT···

BUT THERE IS NO ROOM 1313! THE WALL'S BLANK AGAIN!

BOY, YOU MEET *ALL* KINDS AROUND HERE!

WAIT···*DON'T GO!* COME BACK ···I··· I'M *AFRAID!*

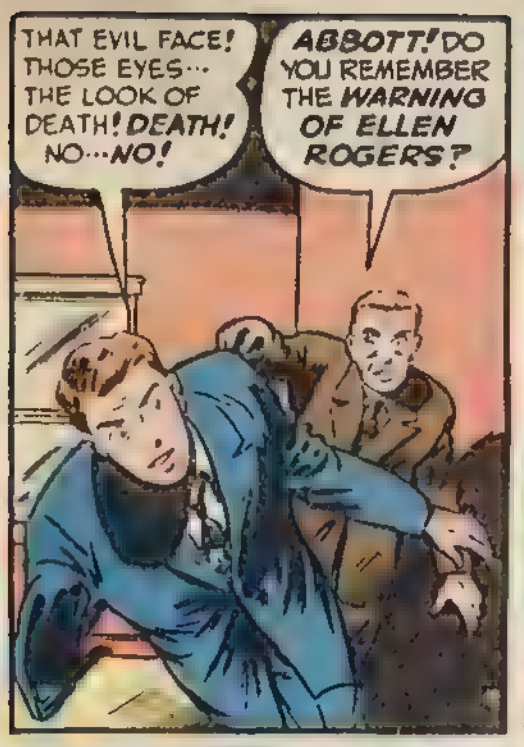
WHAT WEIRD MYSTERY WAS THIS? WHY WAS ABBOTT'S HEART THUDDING SO FURIOUSLY? THAT LOOMING SHADOW···THE TAPPING OF A CANE···

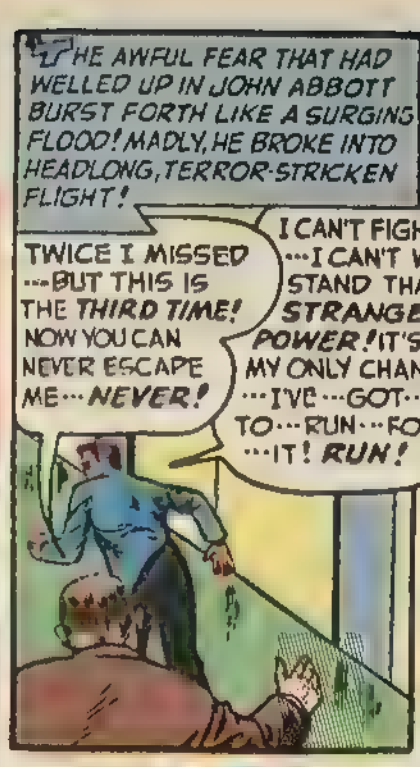
PLEASE, NO! IT *CAN'T* BE···

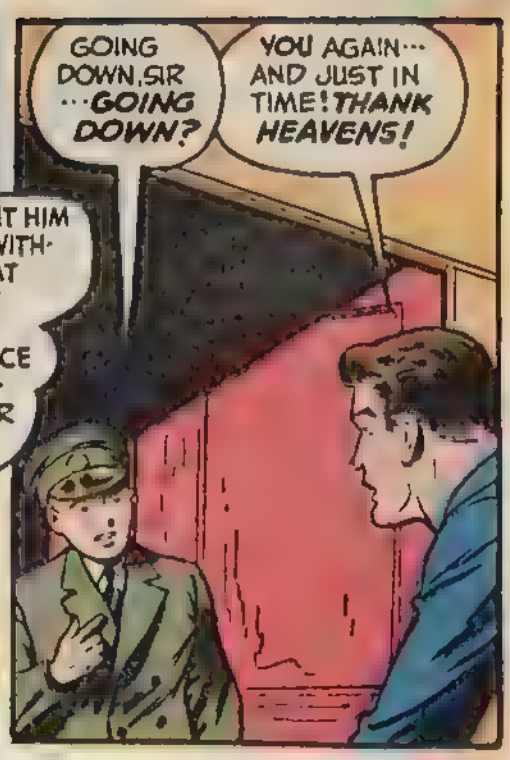
TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

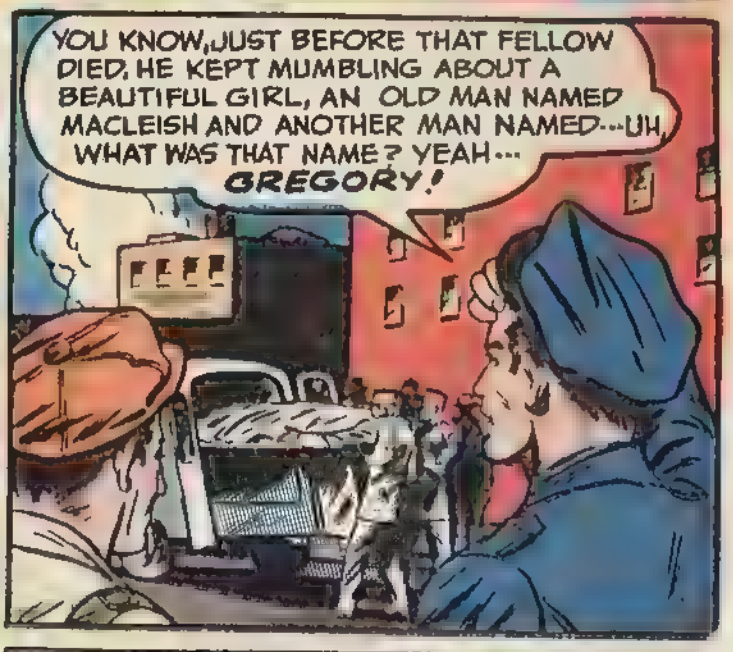
IT'S···HE···! *MR. GREGORY!*

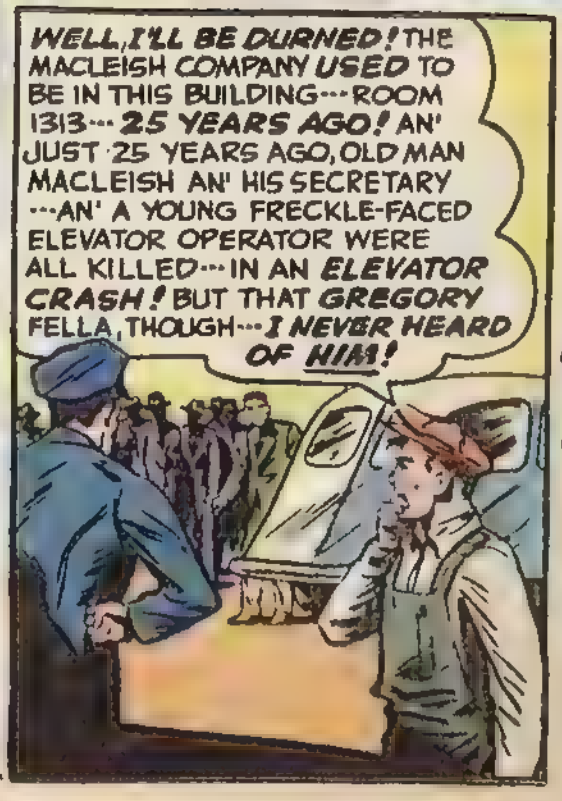
YOU··· AGAIN···











AND SO ENDS THE STRANGE STORY OF ROOM 1313! WAS IT REAL? AND WHO WAS MR. GREGORY? WAS HE A FIGMENT OF ABBOTT'S TORTURED IMAGINATION OR WAS HE··· DEATH HIMSELF?

HELLO THERE, READER!

Time we got to know each other, isn't it? Because we've planned this book for *you!* It's *your* magazine—*yours for thrills!*

"ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN" is a completely *new* kind of publication. For never in comics history has any magazine dared to delve into the *supernatural*, or adventure into the challenging unknown! We knew that there must be many readers like *you*—folks that went for stories that were *different*, that furnished a spine-tingling, imaginative thrill. That's why "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN" came into being—and overnight has become a nationwide sensation!

There's a *reason* for our success—and it's reflected in the torrent of enthusiastic letters we've received. Like to know what people are saying about our magazine? Let's reach into our grab-bag—and come up with a few specimens, selected at random!

"Congratulations on your exceptionally splendid book, 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN.' It is extremely well drawn and packs a terrific punch. Enclosed is my $1.20 for a 12-issue subscription. . . . We readers like to get close to our favorite books. How about a page devoted to our *own true* experiences with the *Unknown*?"

—GEORGE DYAK
1703 Vail Ave., Windber, Pa.

We've followed your suggestion, Mr. Dyak! See contest announcements in our February-March issue!

"Just finished reading the second issue of 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN.' It's positively *super—the best book on the market!* I go for ghosts and spooks! The only trouble is that it's published only every two months. But keep it coming!"

—MRS. BULLARD
20514 Lawrence, Tonance, Calif.

It'll keep coming—ghosts, spooks and even more!

"I have just completed reading 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN,' and would like to commend you for producing a magazine of truly great possibilities. It's *wonderful!* You really know how to put onto paper some of the greatest ghost stories that I have ever had the pleasure of reading, and I have read quite a few, too. These are stories which almost bring to life the nameless things of the *Unknown*. Your magazine is *terrific!*"

—D. GOLDEN
3554 Cummings Rd., Cleveland Hgts., O.

Glad you like us, Mr. Golden. But there are even better things ahead!

"I have bought a copy of your new magazine and think it's *wonderful!* I've always been interested in such stories. Your idea in publishing a magazine like this is *tops!*"

—[illegible] 'LARD PIVACK
16[illegible] S.W. Montgomery Dr., Portland Ore.

Thanks! We'll keep on doing our best to justify your opinion!

"Yesterday, my ten-year-old son, Tony, brought home his first copy of 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN.' To say that I was pleased and thrilled is an understatement. A far cry from the murder type of book, your magazine inspires imagination and a love for things off the beaten path. . . . Your book is simply *tops!*"

—PAULINE SALTZMAN, 3458 Hillcroft Ave., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

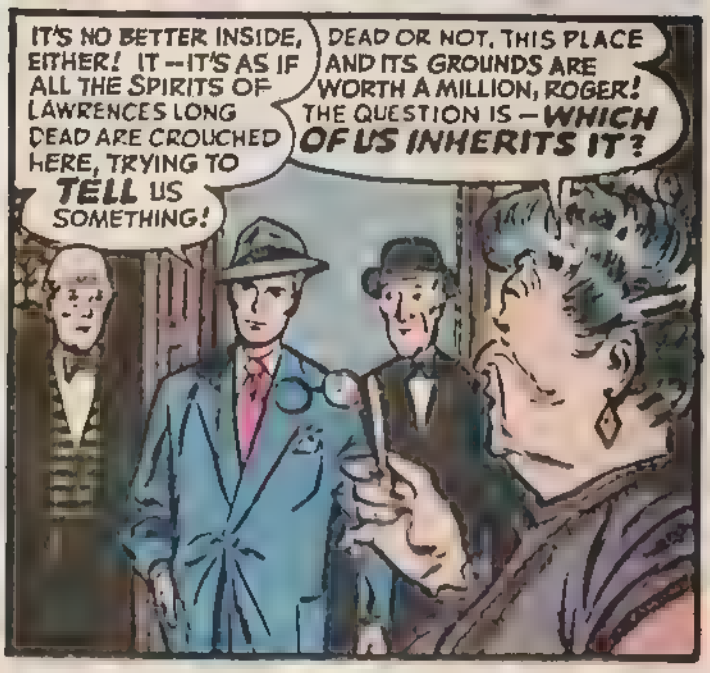
Nice to hear—and we'll try to live up to it!

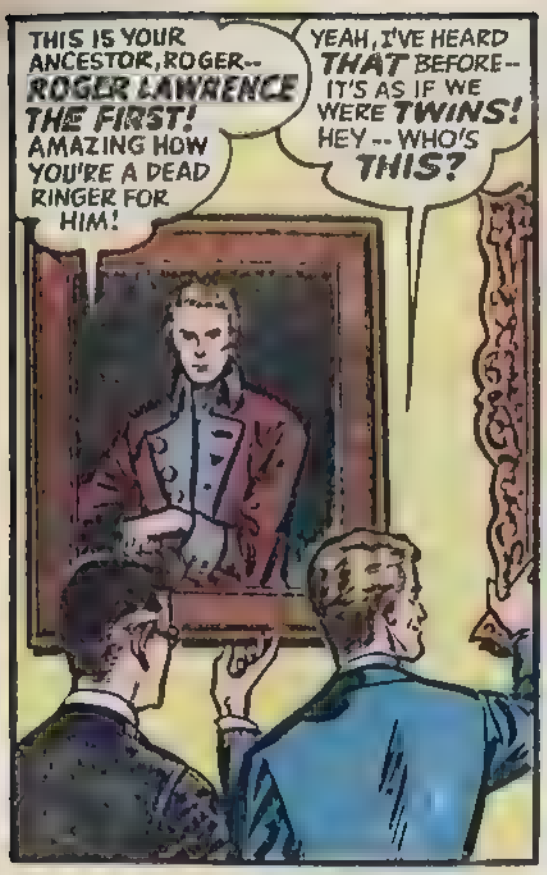
And now—how about hearing from *you*, reader? We want to know your likes and dislikes—they'll help us to frame the magazine that *you* want! For instance, commencing with this issue, we've embarked on something *different*. No, we haven't changed our successful policy of presenting the best in spine-tingling ghost stories—we'll *always* bring them to you, and they'll be better and better as time goes on! But now something *new* has been added—gripping tales dealing with *other* aspects of the great *Unknown!* Tales like "*Gamits of The Unknown*" and "*Back To Yesterday*"—both in this issue! We hope you like them—let us know! So long, and until next time—*Good Reading!*

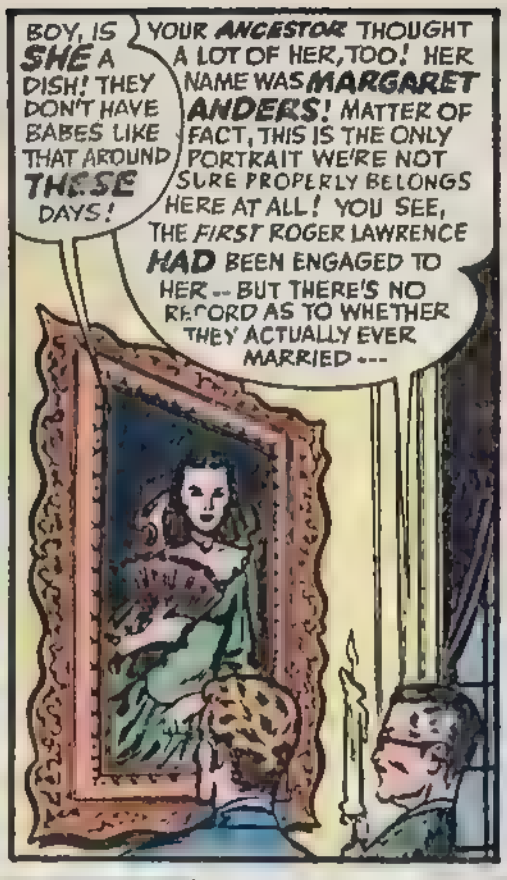
THE EDITORS

Our great "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN" contest closed on Feb. 27, 1949. Did we get your entry? Watch this magazine for the announcement of winners!

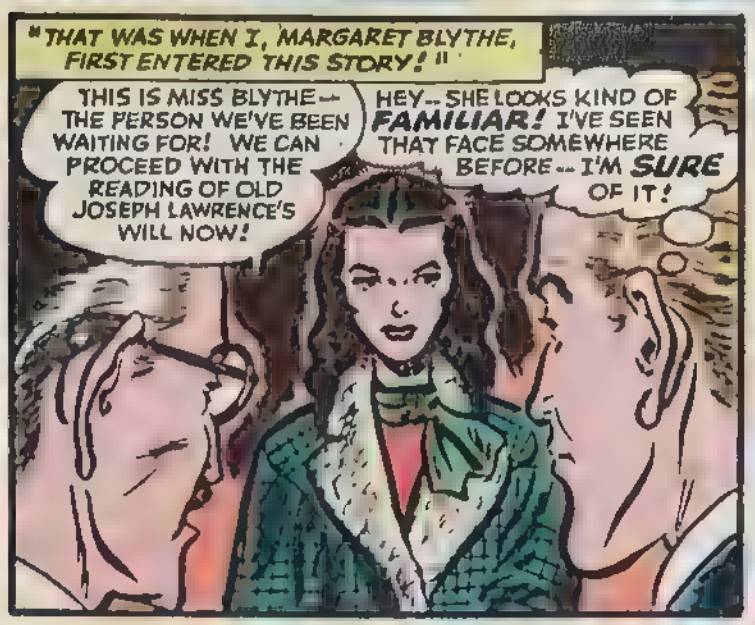
Back to YESTERDAY

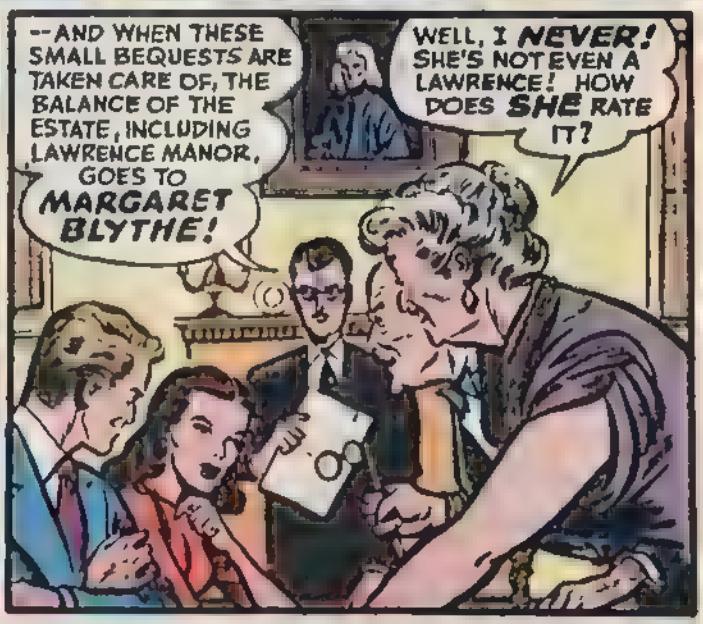


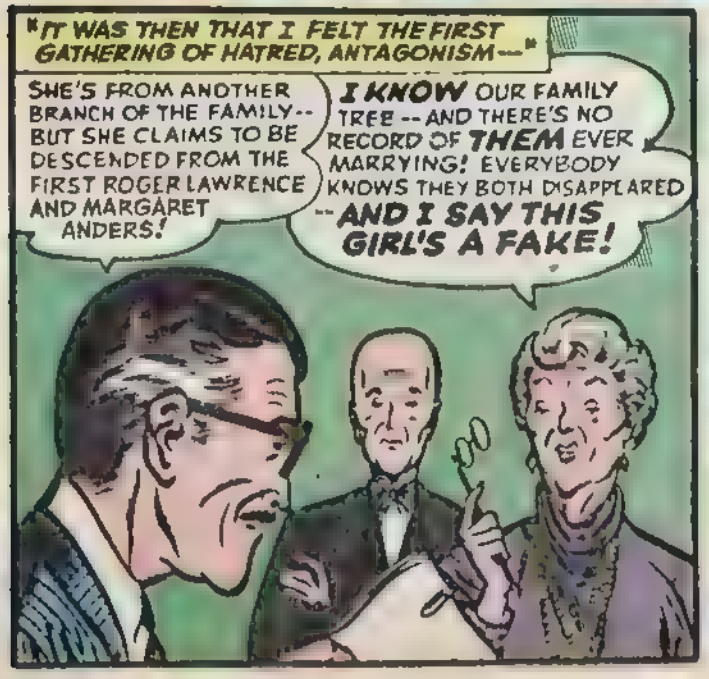

THIS IS YOUR ANCESTOR, ROGER-- ROGER LAWRENCE THE FIRST! AMAZING HOW YOU'RE A DEAD RINGER FOR HIM!
YEAH, I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE-- IT'S AS IF WE WERE TWINS! HEY -- WHO'S THIS?

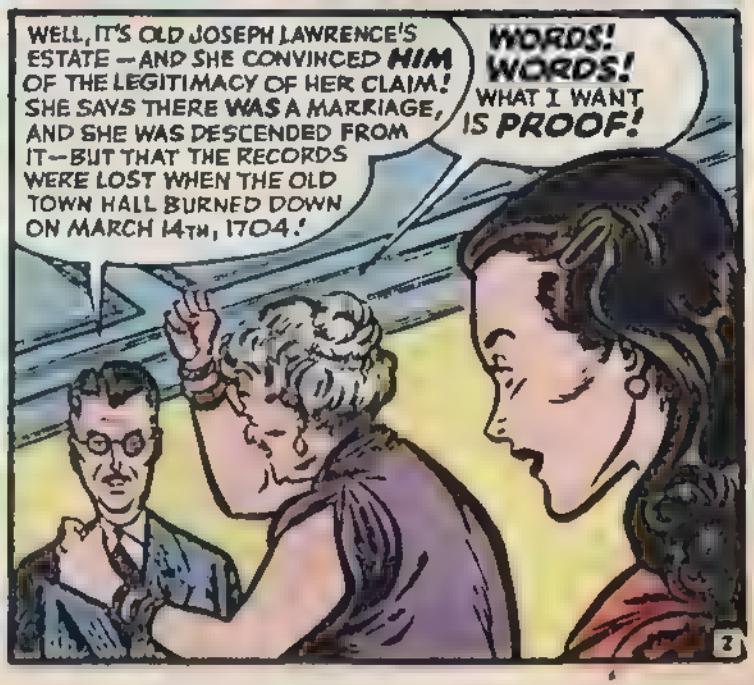

BOY, IS SHE A DISH! THEY DON'T HAVE BABES LIKE THAT AROUND THESE DAYS!
YOUR ANCESTOR THOUGHT A LOT OF HER, TOO! HER NAME WAS MARGARET ANDERS! MATTER OF FACT, THIS IS THE ONLY PORTRAIT WE'RE NOT SURE PROPERLY BELONGS HERE AT ALL! YOU SEE, THE FIRST ROGER LAWRENCE HAD BEEN ENGAGED TO HER -- BUT THERE'S NO RECORD AS TO WHETHER THEY ACTUALLY EVER MARRIED ---

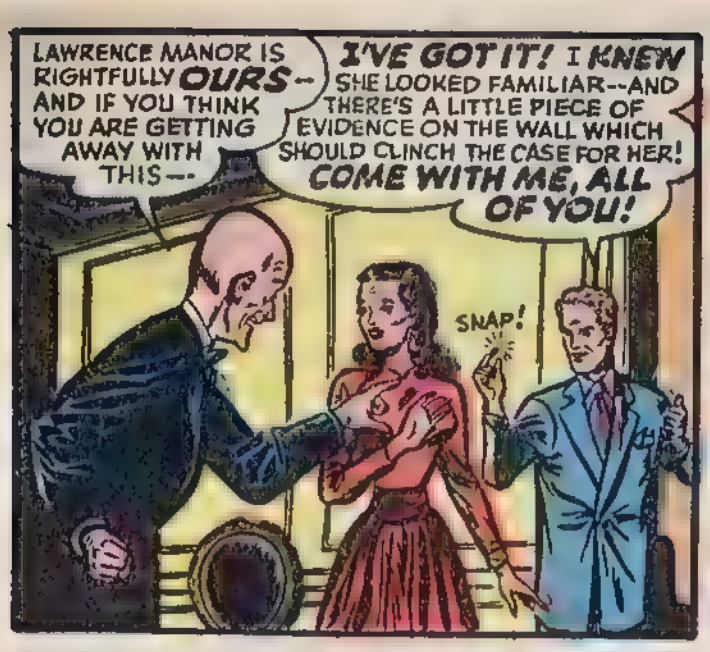
--AND THEY BOTH SEEM TO HAVE DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE!
MISS MARGARET BLYTHE!

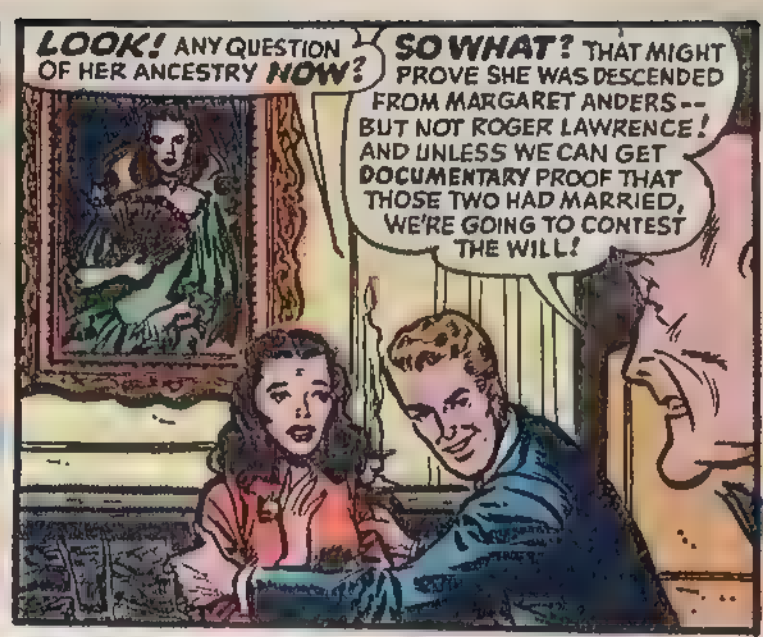

"THAT WAS WHEN I, MARGARET BLYTHE, FIRST ENTERED THIS STORY!"
THIS IS MISS BLYTHE -- THE PERSON WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! WE CAN PROCEED WITH THE READING OF OLD JOSEPH LAWRENCE'S WILL NOW!
HEY -- SHE LOOKS KIND OF FAMILIAR! I'VE SEEN THAT FACE SOMEWHERE BEFORE -- I'M SURE OF IT!


--AND WHEN THESE SMALL BEQUESTS ARE TAKEN CARE OF, THE BALANCE OF THE ESTATE, INCLUDING LAWRENCE MANOR, GOES TO MARGARET BLYTHE!
WELL, I NEVER! SHE'S NOT EVEN A LAWRENCE! HOW DOES SHE RATE IT?

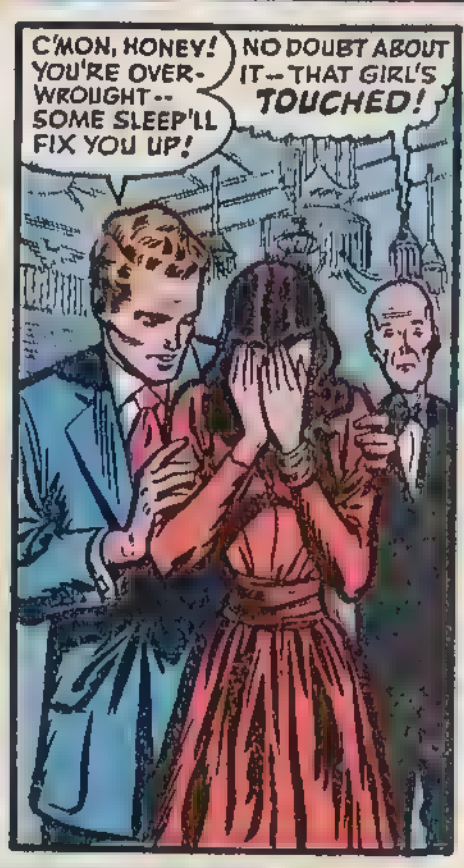

"IT WAS THEN THAT I FELT THE FIRST GATHERING OF HATRED, ANTAGONISM---"
SHE'S FROM ANOTHER BRANCH OF THE FAMILY -- BUT SHE CLAIMS TO BE DESCENDED FROM THE FIRST ROGER LAWRENCE AND MARGARET ANDERS!
I KNOW OUR FAMILY TREE -- AND THERE'S NO RECORD OF THEM EVER MARRYING! EVERYBODY KNOWS THEY BOTH DISAPPEARED -- AND I SAY THIS GIRL'S A FAKE!


WELL, IT'S OLD JOSEPH LAWRENCE'S ESTATE -- AND SHE CONVINCED HIM OF THE LEGITIMACY OF HER CLAIM! SHE SAYS THERE WAS A MARRIAGE, AND SHE WAS DESCENDED FROM IT -- BUT THAT THE RECORDS WERE LOST WHEN THE OLD TOWN HALL BURNED DOWN ON MARCH 14TH, 1704!
WORDS! WORDS! WHAT I WANT IS PROOF!

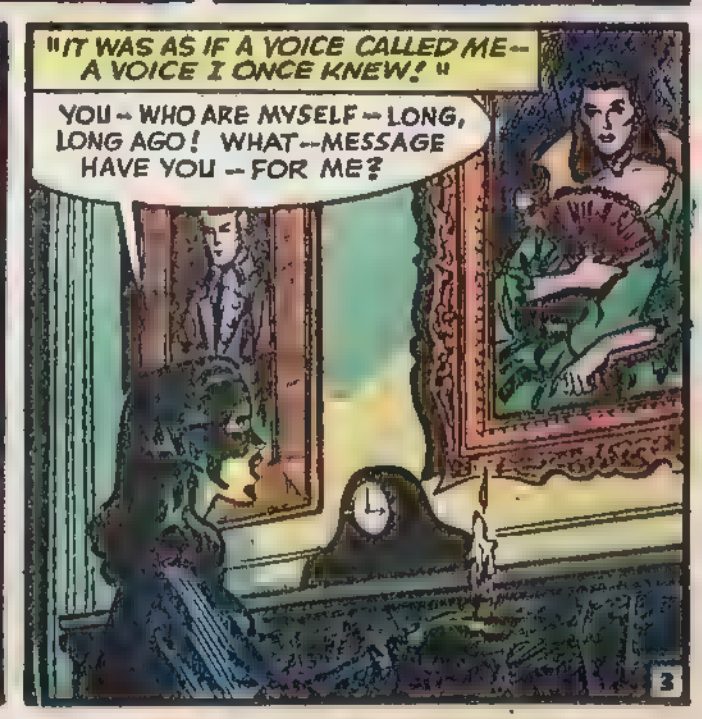

LAWRENCE MANOR IS RIGHTFULLY OURS -- AND IF YOU THINK YOU ARE GETTING AWAY WITH THIS ---
I'VE GOT IT! I KNEW SHE LOOKED FAMILIAR--AND THERE'S A LITTLE PIECE OF EVIDENCE ON THE WALL WHICH SHOULD CLINCH THE CASE FOR HER! COME WITH ME, ALL OF YOU!
SNAP!

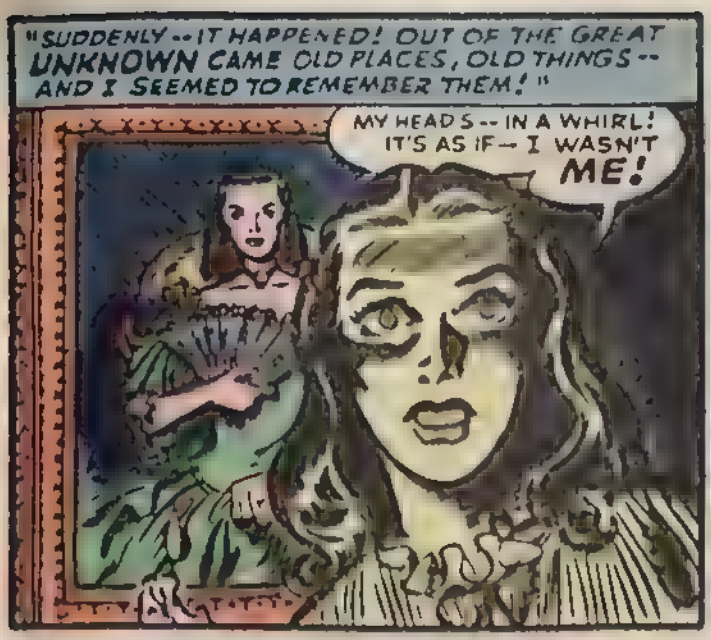

LOOK! ANY QUESTION OF HER ANCESTRY NOW?
SO WHAT? THAT MIGHT PROVE SHE WAS DESCENDED FROM MARGARET ANDERS -- BUT NOT ROGER LAWRENCE! AND UNLESS WE CAN GET DOCUMENTARY PROOF THAT THOSE TWO HAD MARRIED, WE'RE GOING TO CONTEST THE WILL!

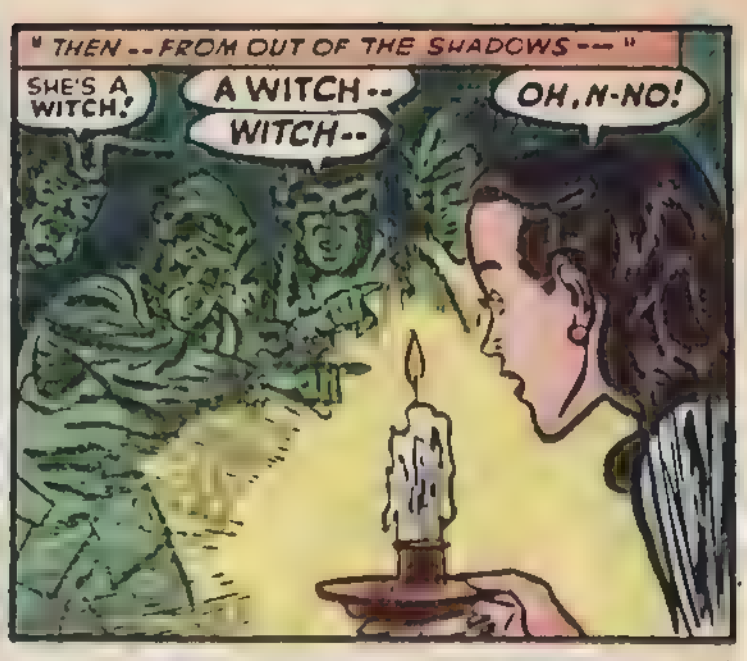
"I TURNED -- FACED THE OLD PORTRAIT! AS ITS EYES MET MINE, SOMETHING HAPPENED -- SOMETHING STRANGE! MY BRAIN REELED DIZZILY, AS IF TO THE CLANGOR OF AN ANCIENT BELL ---"
HER -- FACE! IT -- BRINGS MEMORIES TO ME -- BURIED MEMORIES! I CAN REMEMBER RUNNING -- RUNNING! ---


C'MON, HONEY! YOU'RE OVER-WROUGHT -- SOME SLEEP'LL FIX YOU UP!
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT -- THAT GIRL'S TOUCHED!

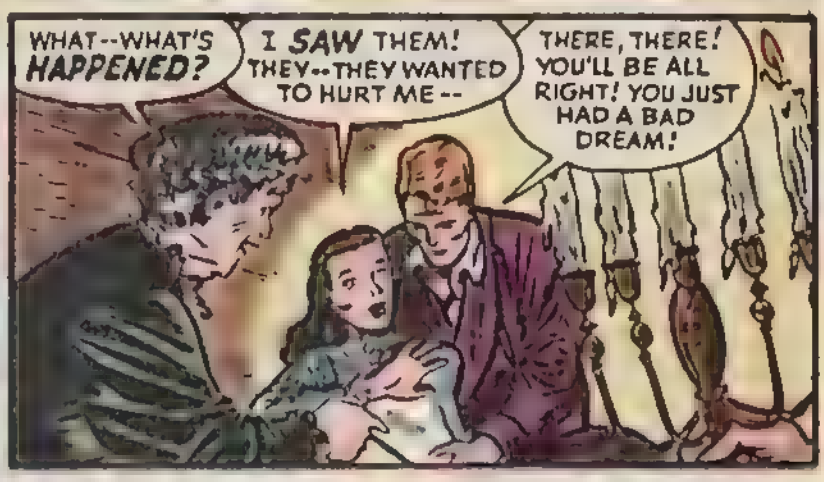
"I SLEPT -- BUT IT WAS A NIGHT-MARE SLEEP! WHAT WEIRD MEMORIES WERE THESE WHICH TORE AT ME, FROM A DEAD PAST BEYOND LIFE ITSELF?"
THEY'RE COMING AFTER US! RUN!

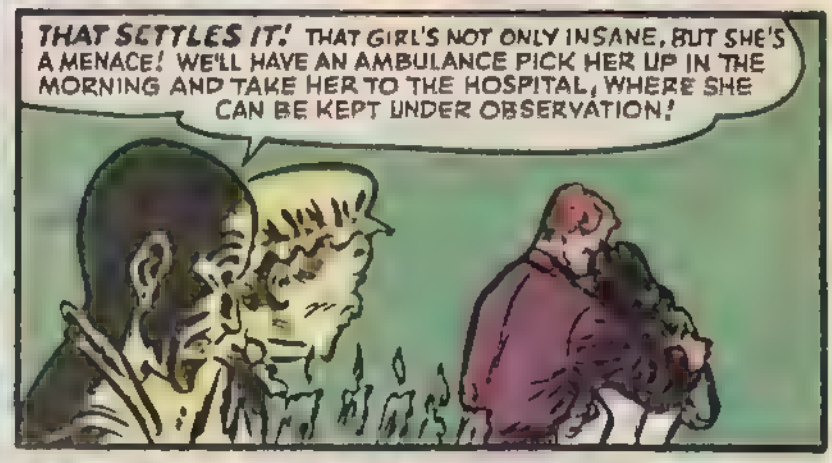

"IT WAS AS IF A VOICE CALLED ME -- A VOICE I ONCE KNEW!"
YOU -- WHO ARE MYSELF -- LONG, LONG AGO! WHAT -- MESSAGE HAVE YOU -- FOR ME?

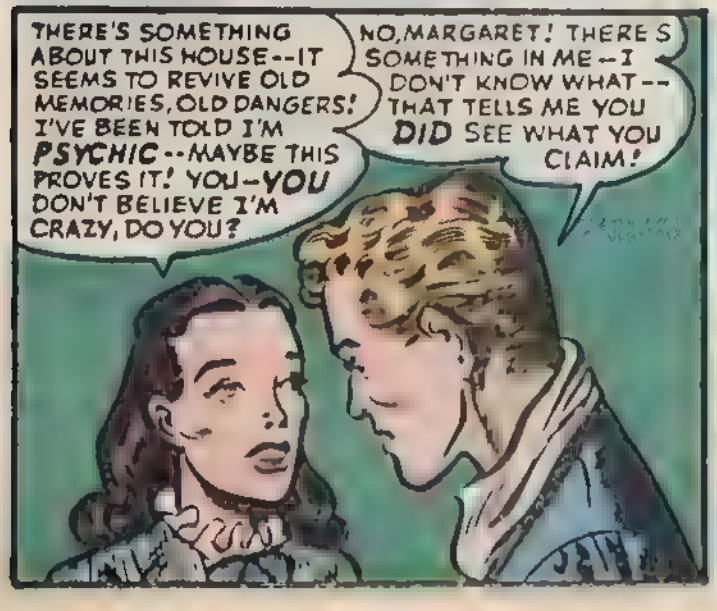

"SUDDENLY -- IT HAPPENED! OUT OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN CAME OLD PLACES, OLD THINGS -- AND I SEEMED TO REMEMBER THEM!"
MY HEADS -- IN A WHIRL! IT'S AS IF -- I WASN'T ME!

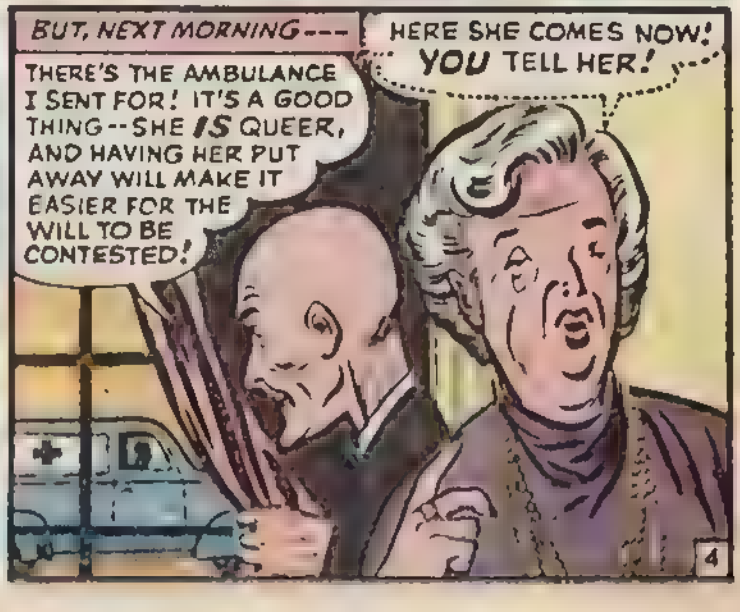

"THEN -- FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS ---"
SHE'S A WITCH!
A WITCH -- WITCH --
OH, N-NO!

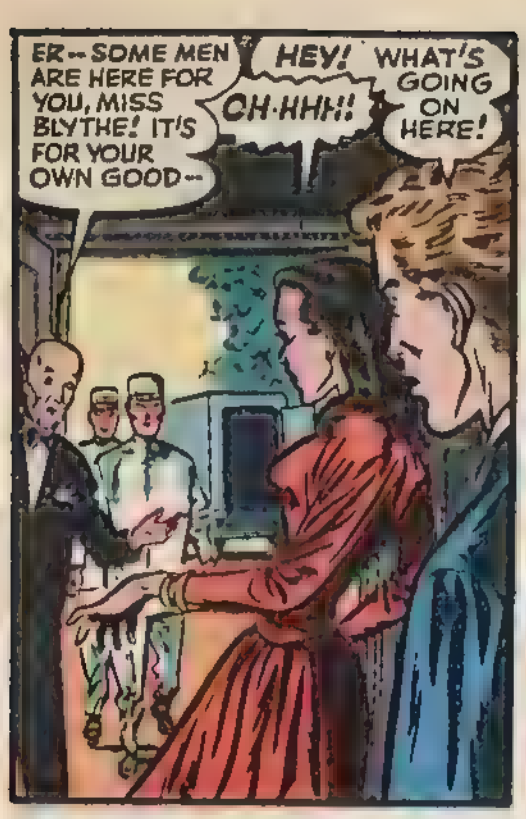
HELP! HELP!


WHAT -- WHAT'S HAPPENED?
I SAW THEM! THEY -- THEY WANTED TO HURT ME --
THERE, THERE! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! YOU JUST HAD A BAD DREAM!

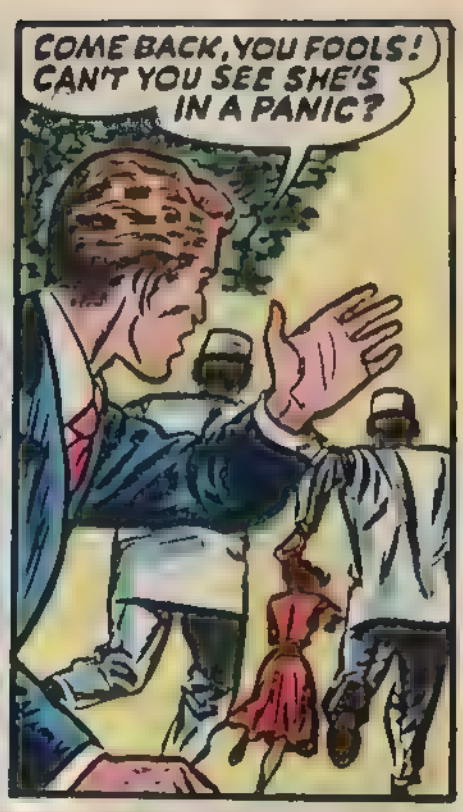

THAT SETTLES IT! THAT GIRL'S NOT ONLY INSANE, BUT SHE'S A MENACE! WE'LL HAVE AN AMBULANCE PICK HER UP IN THE MORNING AND TAKE HER TO THE HOSPITAL, WHERE SHE CAN BE KEPT UNDER OBSERVATION!


THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS HOUSE -- IT SEEMS TO REVIVE OLD MEMORIES, OLD DANGERS! I'VE BEEN TOLD I'M PSYCHIC -- MAYBE THIS PROVES IT! YOU -- YOU DON'T BELIEVE I'M CRAZY, DO YOU?
NO, MARGARET! THERE'S SOMETHING IN ME -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT -- THAT TELLS ME YOU DID SEE WHAT YOU CLAIM!

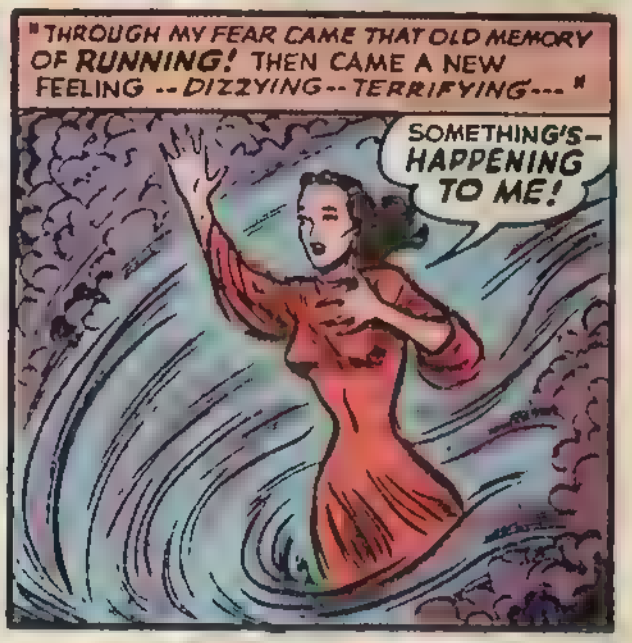

BUT, NEXT MORNING ---
THERE'S THE AMBULANCE I SENT FOR! IT'S A GOOD THING -- SHE IS QUEER, AND HAVING HER PUT AWAY WILL MAKE IT EASIER FOR THE WILL TO BE CONTESTED!
HERE SHE COMES NOW! YOU TELL HER!


ER-- SOME MEN ARE HERE FOR YOU, MISS BLYTHE! IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD--
HEY!
OH-HHH!!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

YOU-- YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME THERE!
AFTER HER! DON'T LET HER GET AWAY!

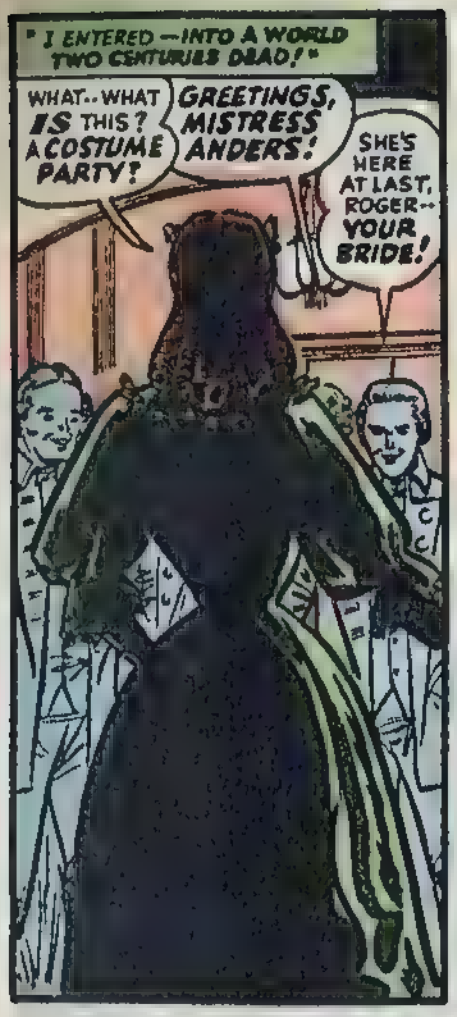

COME BACK, YOU FOOLS! CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S IN A PANIC?

GOT TO-- ESCAPE! GOT TO---

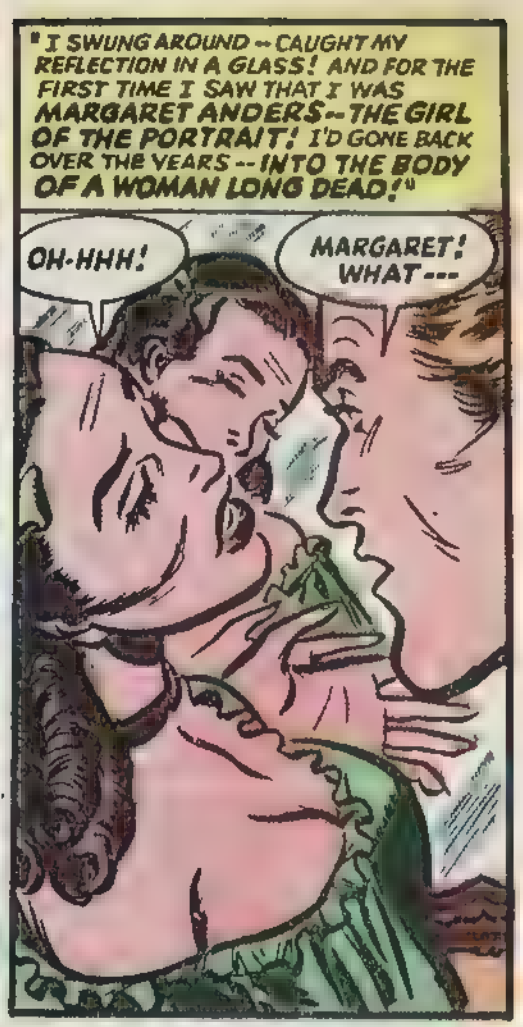

"THROUGH MY FEAR CAME THAT OLD MEMORY OF RUNNING! THEN CAME A NEW FEELING -- DIZZYING -- TERRIFYING---"
SOMETHING'S-- HAPPENING TO ME!

"--AND I FOUND MYSELF LOST -- LOST!"
MUSTN'T LET THEM-- CATCH ME! I--I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, BUT I KNOW I'M GOING SOMEWHERE-- SOME-WHERE I'VE GOT TO REACH!

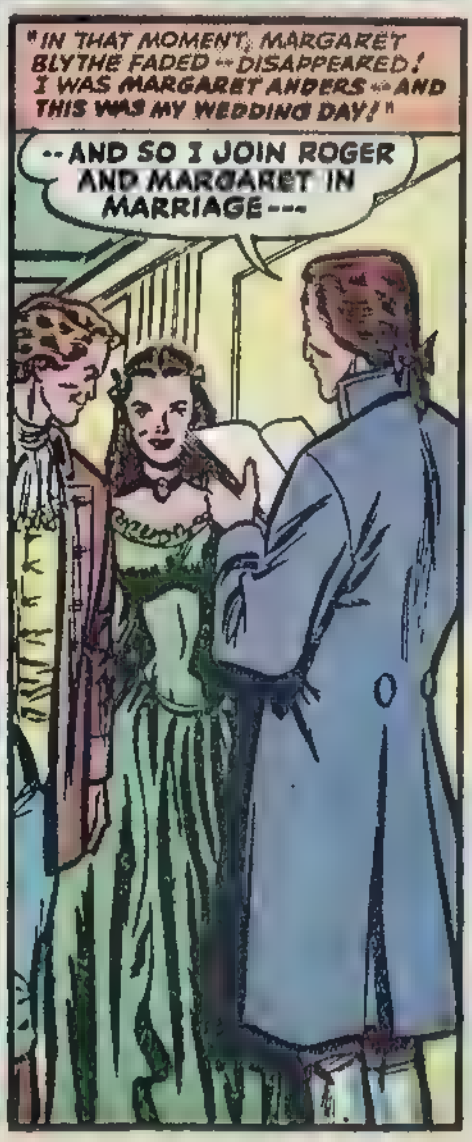
HOW DID I GET BACK HERE-- TO LAWRENCE MANOR-- AND WHY DOES IT LOOK SO NEW, SO DIFFERENT? M-MAYBE I CAN GO IN AND HIDE -- THEY'D NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME THERE!


" I ENTERED --INTO A WORLD TWO CENTURIES DEAD!"
WHAT--WHAT IS THIS? A COSTUME PARTY!
GREETINGS, MISTRESS ANDERS!
SHE'S HERE AT LAST, ROGER--YOUR BRIDE!

MARGARET, DARLING! EVERYONE'S BEEN SO WORRIED--CAN YOU IMAGINE COMING LATE TO YOUR OWN WEDDING?
MY--WEDDING?


" I SWUNG AROUND -- CAUGHT MY REFLECTION IN A GLASS! AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW THAT I WAS MARGARET ANDERS--THE GIRL OF THE PORTRAIT! I'D GONE BACK OVER THE YEARS -- INTO THE BODY OF A WOMAN LONG DEAD!"
OH-HHH!
MARGARET! WHAT---

SUCH A QUEER LITTLE GIRL -- ALWAYS SEEING THINGS WHICH AREN'T THERE! ARE YOU BETTER NOW? AND DO YOU REMEMBER?
YES, ROGER -- I REMEMBER! YOU'RE THE MAN I LOVE -- THE MAN I'M GOING TO MARRY!


" IN THAT MOMENT, MARGARET BLYTHE FADED -- DISAPPEARED! I WAS MARGARET ANDERS -- AND THIS WAS MY WEDDING DAY!"
-- AND SO I JOIN ROGER AND MARGARET IN MARRIAGE---

" THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED SEEMED TO PASS IN A DREAM! BUT WHEREVER I WENT, I SENSED STRANGE WHISPERS FOLLOWING ME --- "
THAT'S HER! SHE'S STRANGE -- THERE ARE STORIES ABOUT HER---
AYE! THEY SAY SHE SEES AND HEARS THINGS SHE SHOULDN'T!
Stewart Shipping Co.

"BUT BY THIS TIME, I FELT SECURE! I WAS MARGARET LAWRENCE, MISTRESS OF LAWRENCE MANOR--AND I HAD NO MEMORIES OF ANY OTHER LIFE! BUT SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE, THEY CAME -- STRANGE VISIONS DISTURBING MY DREAMS!"

SHE SAYS THE TOWN HALL BURNED DOWN ON MARCH 14TH, 1704, AND THE RECORD OF THE MARRIAGE WITH IT!

IT'S A LIE!

SHE'S INSANE!

I--I'M ALL RIGHT! JUST BAD DREAMS, THAT'S ALL! WHAT--WHAT DAY IS THIS?

YOUR DREAMS MUST HAVE BEEN BAD, MISTRESS, TO MIX YOU UP THAT WAY! INDEED, IT'S MARCH 14TH-- AND THE YEAR'S 1704, IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT! HA-HA!

"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING--BUT AN INNER VOICE DROVE ME TO THE TOWN HALL ---"

YOU'RE WANTIN' A COPY OF YOUR MARRIAGE RECORD, MISTRESS LAWRENCE? BUT WHAT FOR? AND WHY ARE YOU SO EXCITED?

IT--IT'S BECAUSE THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING TODAY--AND BURN DOWN TO THE GROUND!

THANK YOU-- THANK YOU!

SHE'S DAFT!

"BUT, THAT VERY AFTERNOON --"

GR-RACK!

TOWN HALL

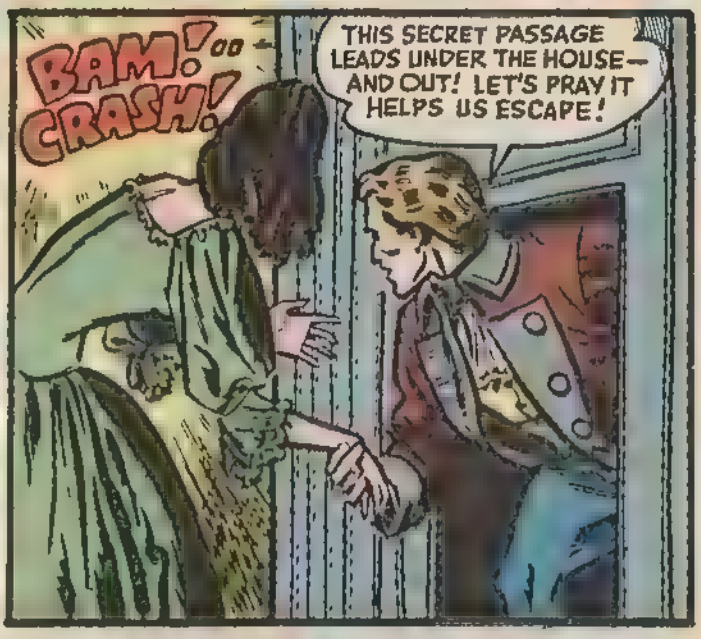
IT HAPPENED-- JUST LIKE SHE SAID IT WOULD!

SHE'S A WITCH! LET'S PUT AN END TO HER EVIL!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?
A WITCH AT LAWRENCE MANOR! WE'RE GONNA GET HER!

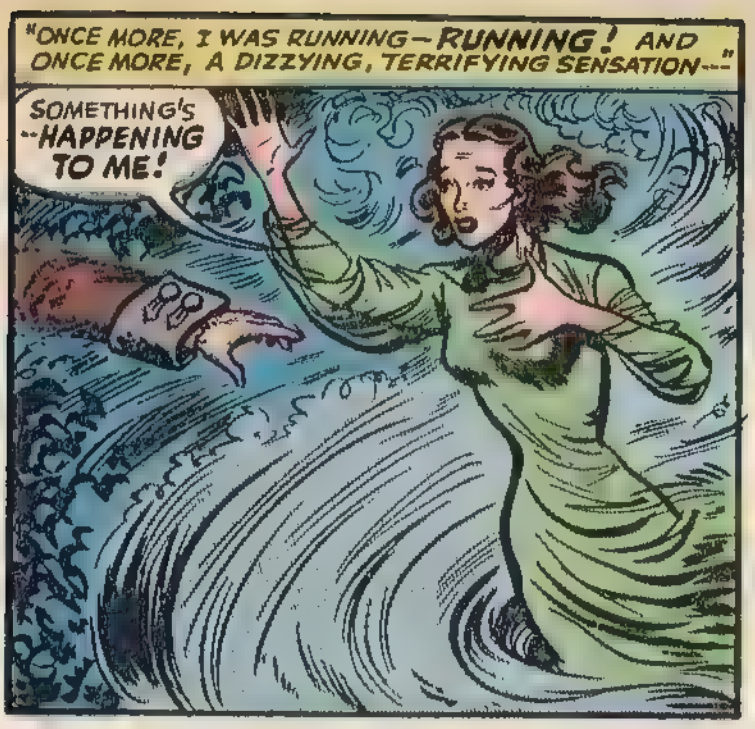
I--I KNOW YOU COULD NEVER BE A WITCH-- BUT WE'LL HAVE TO FLEE! GET RID OF THAT PAPER-- AND COME!
NO! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I HAVE A FEELING IT MUST BE GUARDED, KEPT SAFE!
OPEN UP IN THERE!
BRING OUT THE WITCH!

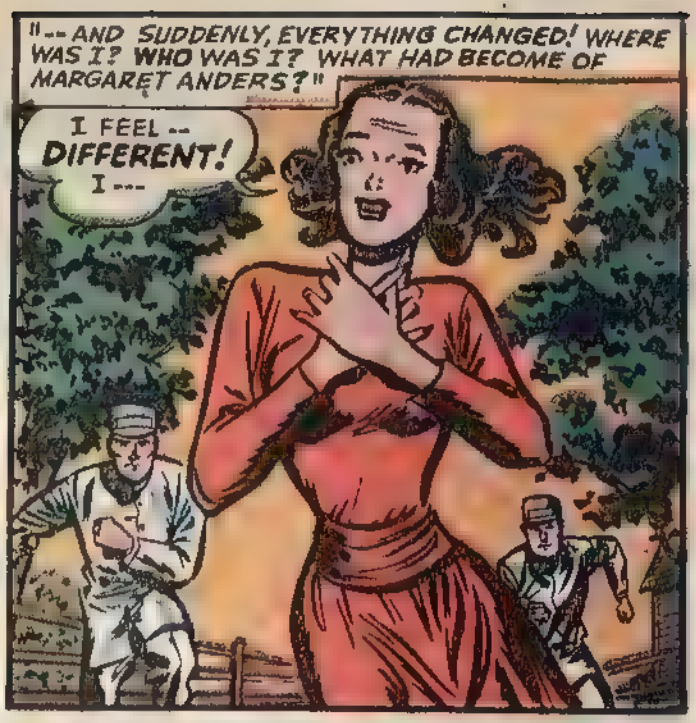
THE FRONT DOOR'S BROKEN IN! WE'LL GO IN AND FETCH HER FOR OURSELVES!
LET ME HAVE IT -- IT'LL BE SAFE IN THIS CONCEALED HIDING PLACE! AND GIVE ME THAT ROSE YOU'RE WEARING, DARLING -- LET ME PUT IT HERE TO REMIND ME, SOME DAY, OF HOW YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL YOU WERE AT THIS MOMENT!
SNAP!

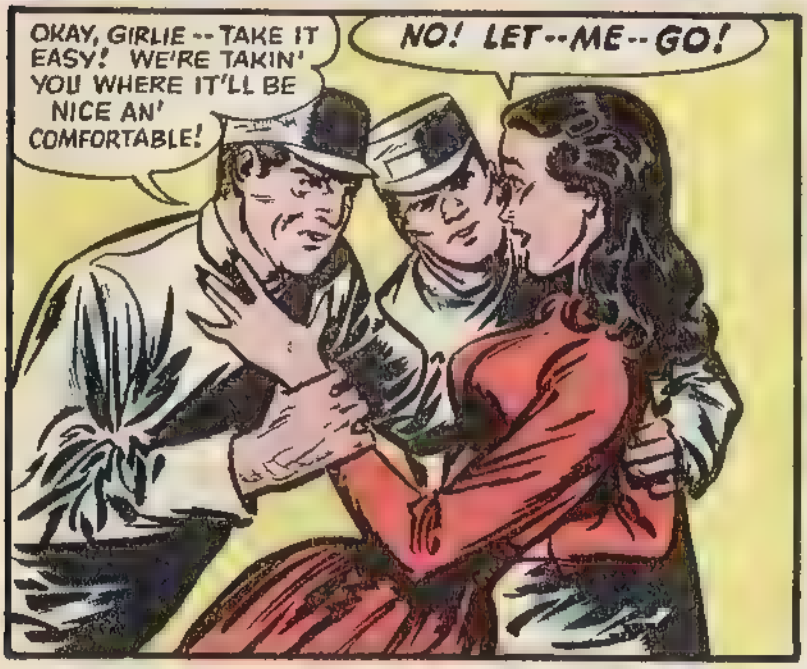

BAM! CRASH!
THIS SECRET PASSAGE LEADS UNDER THE HOUSE-- AND OUT! LET'S PRAY IT HELPS US ESCAPE!

GOOD HEAVENS -- THEY'VE SEEN US! WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT!
THERE THEY ARE! AFTER 'EM!

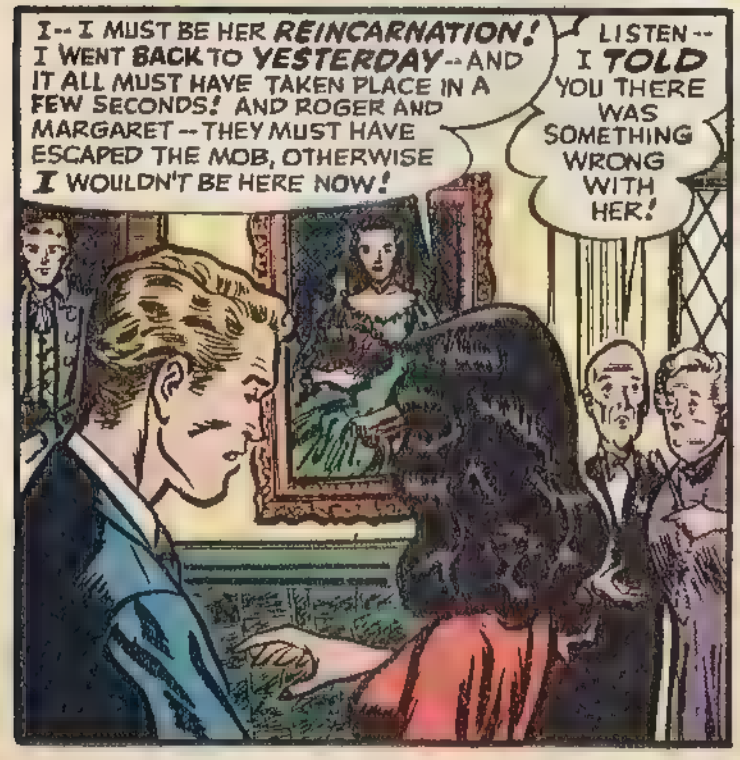
FASTER, MARGARET -- FASTER! RUN!
WE'LL GET HER YET!


"ONCE MORE, I WAS RUNNING—RUNNING! AND ONCE MORE, A DIZZYING, TERRIFYING SENSATION---"
SOMETHING'S --HAPPENING TO ME!

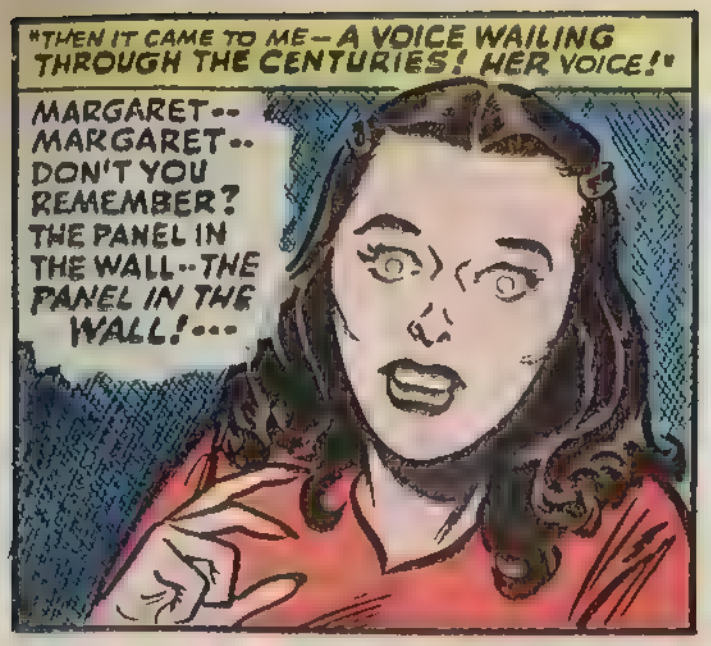

"--AND SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING CHANGED! WHERE WAS I? WHO WAS I? WHAT HAD BECOME OF MARGARET ANDERS?"
I FEEL -- DIFFERENT! I ---

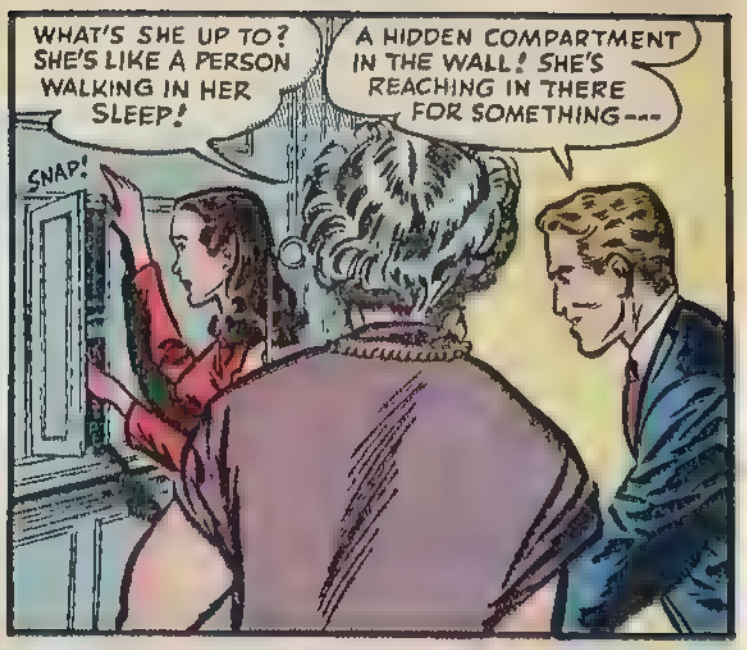

OKAY, GIRLIE -- TAKE IT EASY! WE'RE TAKIN' YOU WHERE IT'LL BE NICE AN' COMFORTABLE!
NO! LET--ME--GO!

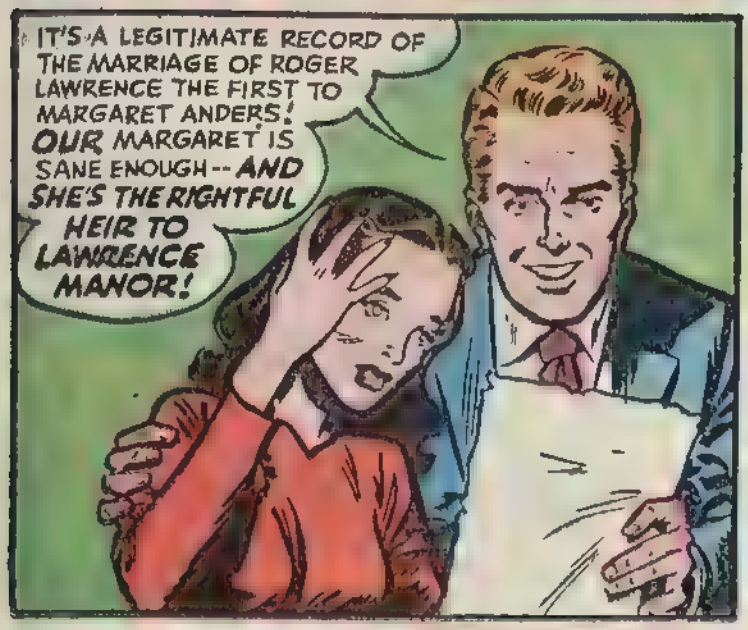
LET GO OF MISS BLYTHE, YOU FOOLS! I'M TAKING HER BACK TO THE HOUSE!
I'M MARGARET--BLYTHE! THE OTHER MARGARET -- SHE'S GONE!

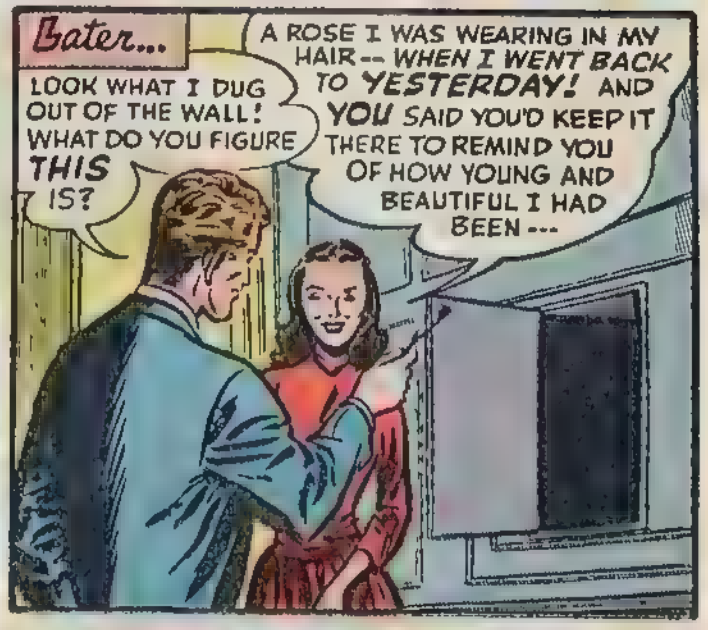

I--I MUST BE HER REINCARNATION! I WENT BACK TO YESTERDAY--AND IT ALL MUST HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN A FEW SECONDS! AND ROGER AND MARGARET--THEY MUST HAVE ESCAPED THE MOB, OTHERWISE I WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW!
LISTEN -- I TOLD YOU THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER!

I'D SEND THE ORDERLIES AWAY IF SHE WERE SANE AND COULD PROVE SHE REALLY BELONGED HERE--BUT LOOK AT HER NOW!
BY GEORGE, SHE SAID SHE WAS PSYCHIC-- AND I BELIEVE IT! WAIT!









And so ends the story of "Back to YESTERDAY"!

Was all this but a dream--a figment of a wandering mind?

Or did it REALLY HAPPEN?

Is REINCARNATION a fact, and have we lived before?

If so---WHO WERE YOU, READER?

SPECIALIST in SPOOKS

THROUGH ENDLESS MIDNIGHTS, MEN HAVE PONDERED AN AGE-OLD QUESTION... **DO GHOSTS EXIST?** WE SAY **NO**... BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO CLAIM TO BE "RECEPTIVE" TO THINGS THAT FLIT ACROSS THE THRESHOLD OF THE **UNKNOWN!** FOREMOST AMONG THESE EXPERTS OF THE SUPERNATURAL IS **ELLIOT O'DONNELL**... AND WE FIND HIM ONE NIGHT, WALKING WITH A FRIEND IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK... AND TELLING **HIS** STORY!

I'VE GOTTEN QUITE A THRILL FROM YOUR ARTICLES ON GHOSTS IN THE "NEW DISPATCH", ELLIOT! ONE MIGHT THINK THOSE THINGS REALLY **HAPPENED**, OLD BOY!

I DON'T EXPECT THE AVERAGE PERSON TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS ANY MORE THAN PEOPLE "BELIEVED" IN THE NEW WORLD BEFORE COLUMBUS DISCOVERED IT! MAYBE IT'S A GIFT...OR PERHAPS A CURSE...

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

...BUT WHATEVER IT IS THAT MAKES SOME PEOPLE SEE GHOSTS...**I'VE GOT IT!** THEY ENTERED MY LIFE WHEN I WAS A LAD OF EIGHTEEN ...EACH YEAR GROWING MORE INCREDIBLE!

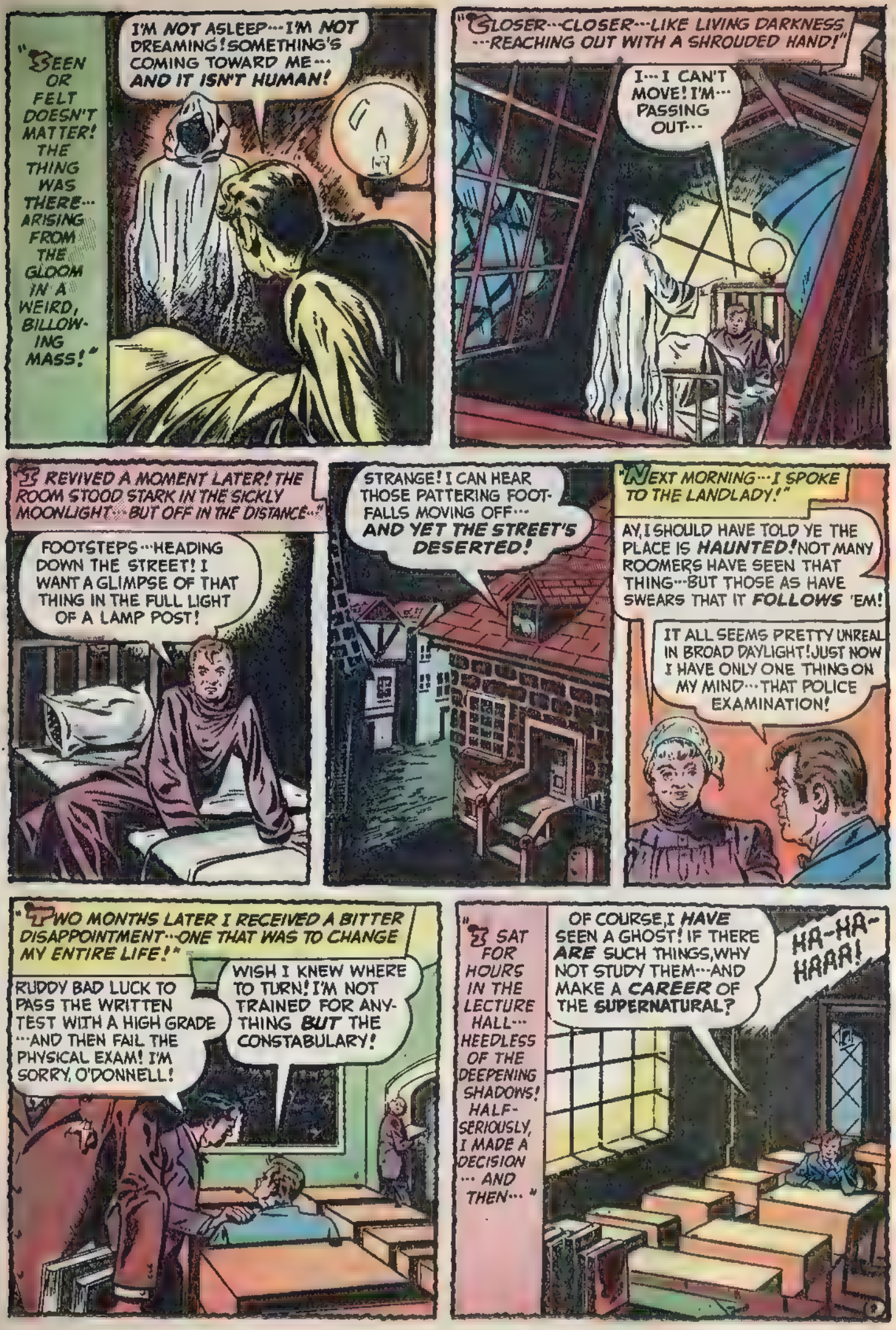
"CERTAINLY NOTHING WAS FARTHER FROM MY MIND WHEN I WENT TO DUBLIN IN 1892..."

I'M STUDYING FOR THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY EXAMINATION, MA'AM ...AND I HEARD YOU HAVE ROOMS TO RENT!

THERE **IS** A SPARE ROOM IN THE ATTIC, BUT...AH, WELL, COME IN! A STOUT YOUNG LAD LIKE **YOU** SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT UP **THERE!**

"THAT NIGHT, I DREAMILY WATCHED THE MOONLIGHT STREAMING ACROSS THE CREAKING FLOOR! AND AS THE BEAMS DRIFTED INTO THE SHADOWS..."

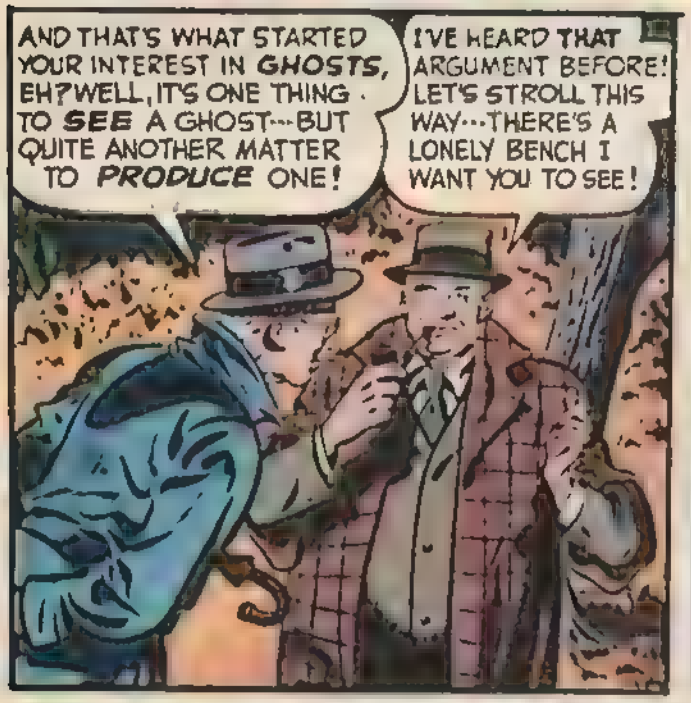
I WONDER HOW FAR THE IMAGINATION CAN GO? I **FEEL** SOMETHING THERE IN THE DARKNESS.. AND NOW...I ALMOST THINK I **SEE** IT!

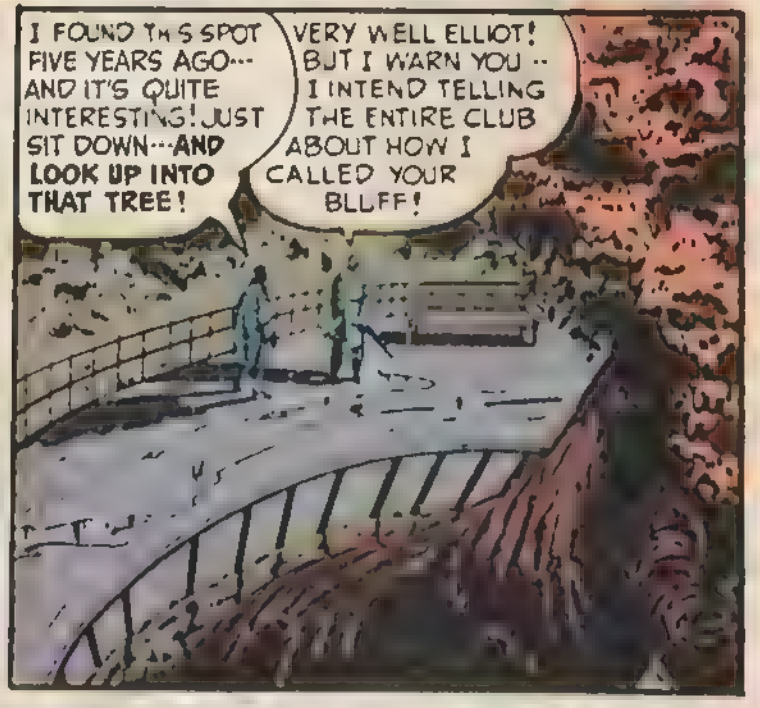

"SEEN OR FELT DOESN'T MATTER! THE THING WAS THERE··· ARISING FROM THE GLOOM IN A WEIRD, BILLOWING MASS!"
I'M NOT ASLEEP··· I'M NOT DREAMING! SOMETHING'S COMING TOWARD ME··· AND IT ISN'T HUMAN!
"CLOSER···CLOSER···LIKE LIVING DARKNESS ···REACHING OUT WITH A SHROUDED HAND!"
I··· I CAN'T MOVE! I'M··· PASSING OUT···
"I REVIVED A MOMENT LATER! THE ROOM STOOD STARK IN THE SICKLY MOONLIGHT···BUT OFF IN THE DISTANCE···"
FOOTSTEPS···HEADING DOWN THE STREET! I WANT A GLIMPSE OF THAT THING IN THE FULL LIGHT OF A LAMP POST!
STRANGE! I CAN HEAR THOSE PATTERING FOOTFALLS MOVING OFF··· AND YET THE STREET'S DESERTED!
"NEXT MORNING···I SPOKE TO THE LANDLADY!"
AY, I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YE THE PLACE IS HAUNTED! NOT MANY ROOMERS HAVE SEEN THAT THING···BUT THOSE AS HAVE SWEARS THAT IT FOLLOWS 'EM!
IT ALL SEEMS PRETTY UNREAL IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! JUST NOW I HAVE ONLY ONE THING ON MY MIND···THAT POLICE EXAMINATION!
"TWO MONTHS LATER I RECEIVED A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT···ONE THAT WAS TO CHANGE MY ENTIRE LIFE!"
RUDDY BAD LUCK TO PASS THE WRITTEN TEST WITH A HIGH GRADE ···AND THEN FAIL THE PHYSICAL EXAM! I'M SORRY, O'DONNELL!
WISH I KNEW WHERE TO TURN! I'M NOT TRAINED FOR ANYTHING BUT THE CONSTABULARY!
"I SAT FOR HOURS IN THE LECTURE HALL··· HEEDLESS OF THE DEEPENING SHADOWS! HALF-SERIOUSLY, I MADE A DECISION ··· AND THEN···"
OF COURSE, I HAVE SEEN A GHOST! IF THERE ARE SUCH THINGS, WHY NOT STUDY THEM···AND MAKE A CAREER OF THE SUPERNATURAL?
HA-HA-HAAA!

"Again··THE EERIE FORM HOVERED TOWARD ME!
HA-HA-HAAA!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SIGNIFY WITH THAT MOCKING LAUGHTER?

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU'RE EVIL···OR SOMETHING BEYOND EVIL··· BUT I'M SURE OF ONE THING! NEITHER YOU NOR THINGS LIKE YOU WILL EVER FRIGHTEN ME AGAIN!
HA!YA-YAAA!

"I KNEW BEFORE I WENT TO THE WINDOW THAT THE STREET BELOW WOULD SHOW NOTHING··NOTHING BUT THAT CACKLING CHALLENGE, FADING INTO THE FOGGY NIGHT!"
HA-HA-HAAAAA!

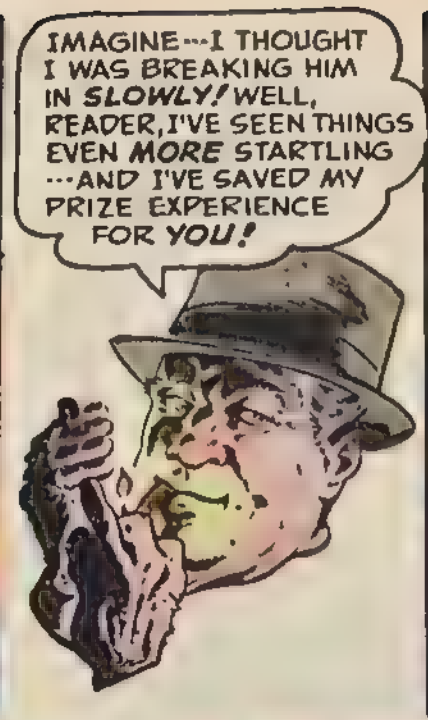

AND THAT'S WHAT STARTED YOUR INTEREST IN GHOSTS, EH? WELL, IT'S ONE THING TO SEE A GHOST···BUT QUITE ANOTHER MATTER TO PRODUCE ONE!
I'VE HEARD THAT ARGUMENT BEFORE! LET'S STROLL THIS WAY···THERE'S A LONELY BENCH I WANT YOU TO SEE!

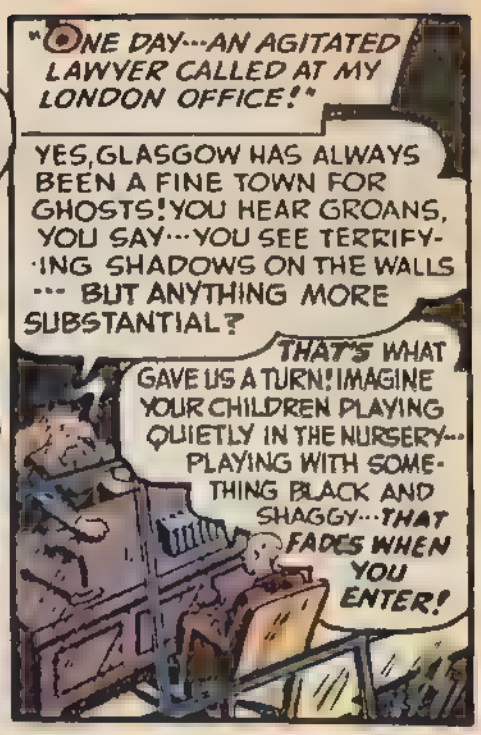

I FOUND THIS SPOT FIVE YEARS AGO··· AND IT'S QUITE INTERESTING! JUST SIT DOWN···AND LOOK UP INTO THAT TREE!
VERY WELL ELLIOT! BUT I WARN YOU·· I INTEND TELLING THE ENTIRE CLUB ABOUT HOW I CALLED YOUR BLUFF!

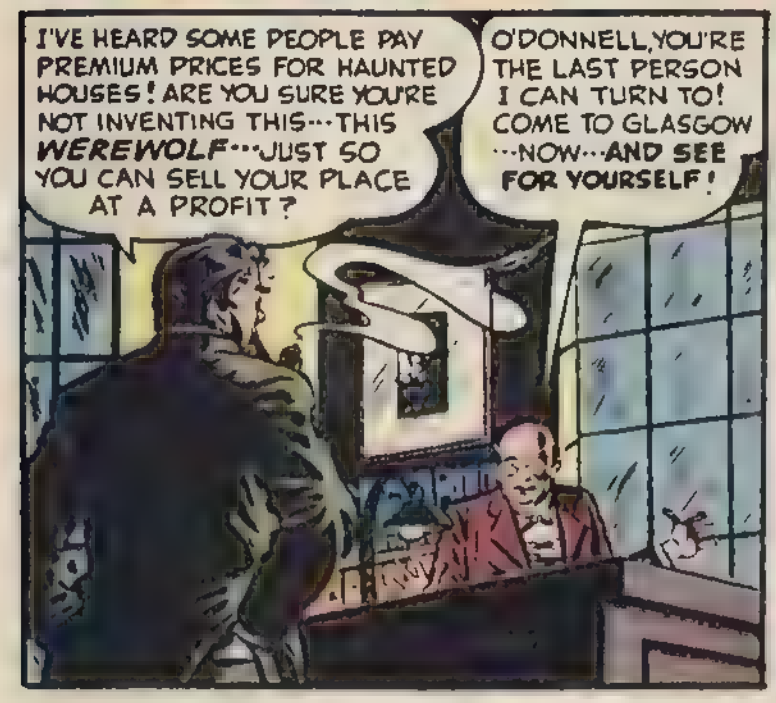
MM-MMMMMMMMM!
JUST RELAX··· MAKE YOURSELF RECEPTIVE! WATCH··· WATCH··
WHAT'S THAT HUMMING NOISE? I CAN'T SEE YOU, O DONNELL··YOUR VOICE IS FADING!

MM-MMMMMMM!
IT···IT'S LOOKING AT ME! AN EYE ···A MONSTER EYE!

NOT A VERY SPECTACULAR MANIFESTATION, I CONFESS, BUT···HERE, HOLD ON! YOU CAN'T WALK OFF LIKE THIS!
BY JOVE, IF MY KNEES WEREN'T KNOCKING TOGETHER SO HARD ··· I'D RUN!

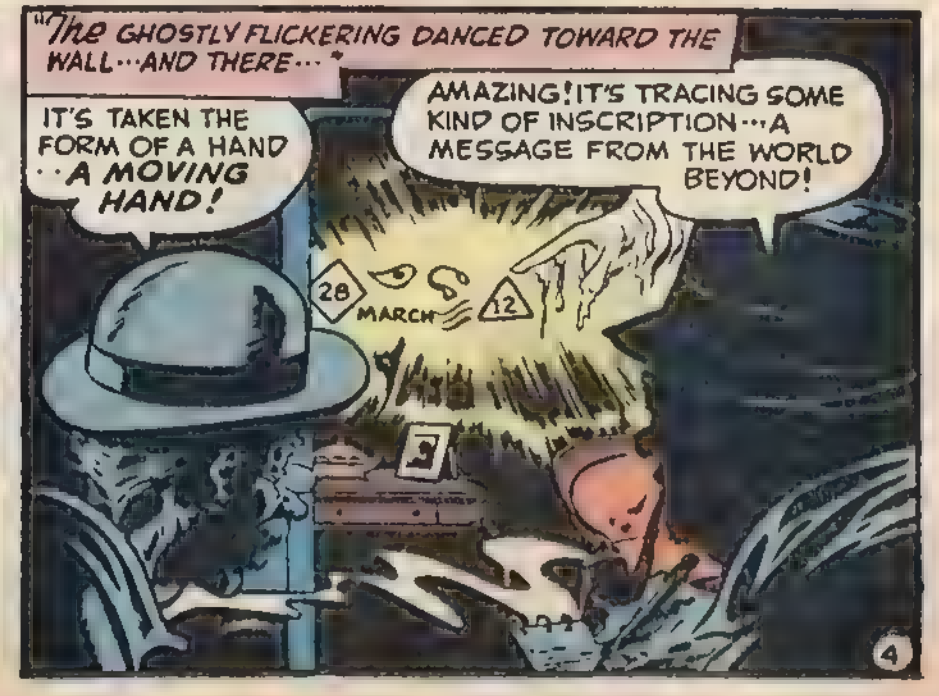

IMAGINE···I THOUGHT I WAS BREAKING HIM IN SLOWLY! WELL, READER, I'VE SEEN THINGS EVEN MORE STARTLING ···AND I'VE SAVED MY PRIZE EXPERIENCE FOR YOU!

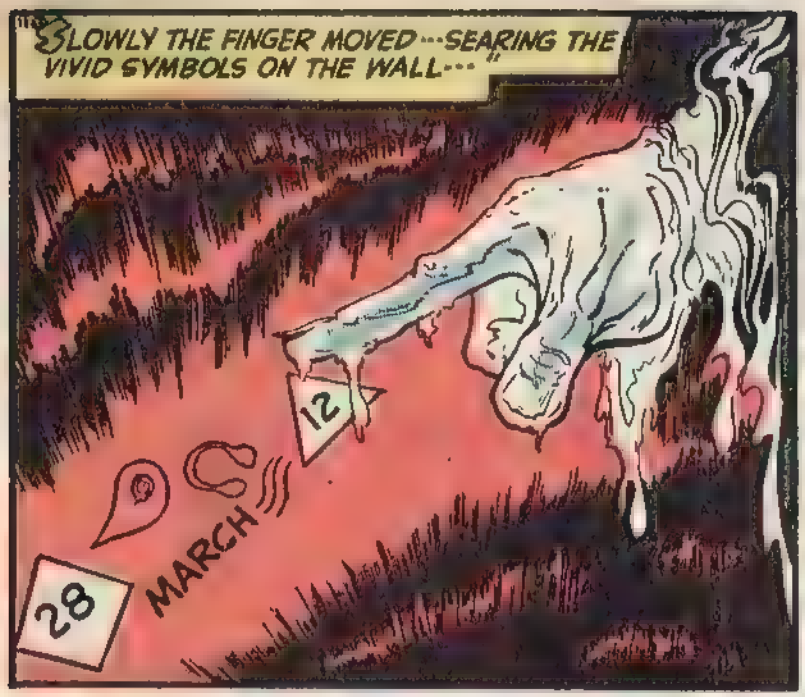

"ONE DAY···AN AGITATED LAWYER CALLED AT MY LONDON OFFICE!"
YES, GLASGOW HAS ALWAYS BEEN A FINE TOWN FOR GHOSTS! YOU HEAR GROANS, YOU SAY···YOU SEE TERRIFYING SHADOWS ON THE WALLS ··· BUT ANYTHING MORE SUBSTANTIAL?
THAT'S WHAT GAVE US A TURN! IMAGINE YOUR CHILDREN PLAYING QUIETLY IN THE NURSERY··· PLAYING WITH SOMETHING BLACK AND SHAGGY···THAT FADES WHEN YOU ENTER!


I'VE HEARD SOME PEOPLE PAY PREMIUM PRICES FOR HAUNTED HOUSES! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT INVENTING THIS···THIS WEREWOLF···JUST SO YOU CAN SELL YOUR PLACE AT A PROFIT?
O'DONNELL, YOU'RE THE LAST PERSON I CAN TURN TO! COME TO GLASGOW ···NOW···AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

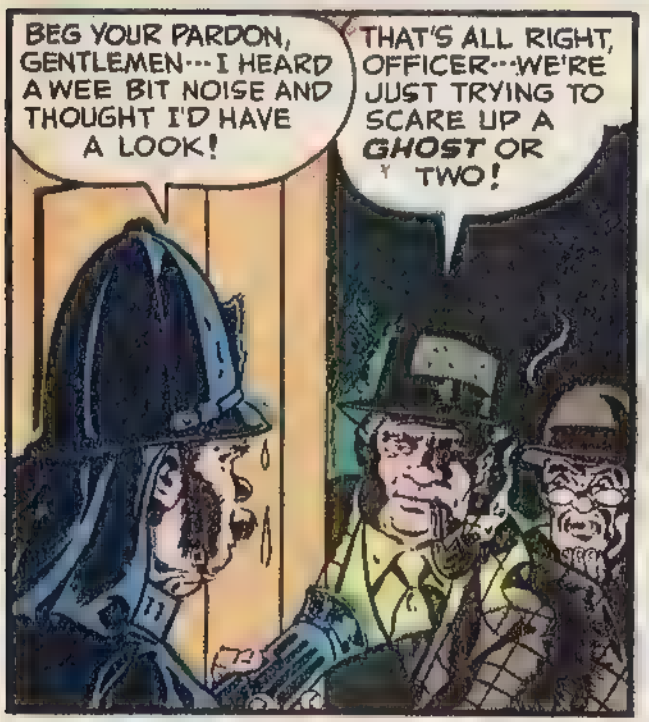
WE REACHED GLASGOW THE FOLLOWING NIGHT···AND IN A GUSTY DOWNPOUR···"
YOU MAY THINK IT ODD OF ME···BUT I'D MUCH RATHER YOU WENT IN ALONE!
NONSENSE, McKAYE! THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ANY GHOST···EXCEPT YOUR OWN REACTION!

LOOK···THAT LIGHT! I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE!
KEEP CALM! USUALLY THESE SPECTRAL LIGHTS LEAD TO SOMETHING···AND IT SEEMS TO BE IN THE NEXT ROOM!
CREEEEAK!

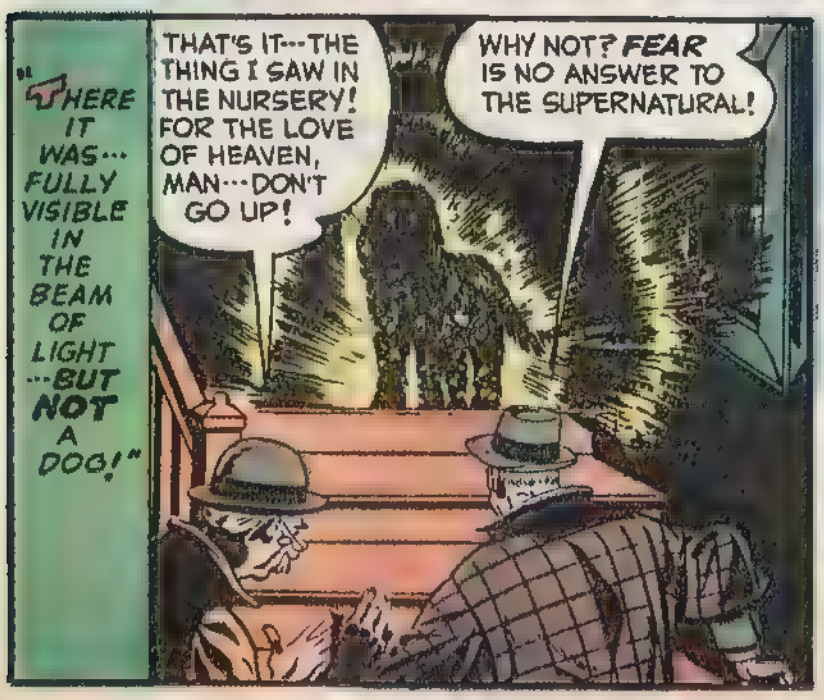

"THE GHOSTLY FLICKERING DANCED TOWARD THE WALL···AND THERE···"
IT'S TAKEN THE FORM OF A HAND ··A MOVING HAND!
AMAZING! IT'S TRACING SOME KIND OF INSCRIPTION···A MESSAGE FROM THE WORLD BEYOND!
28
MARCH
12

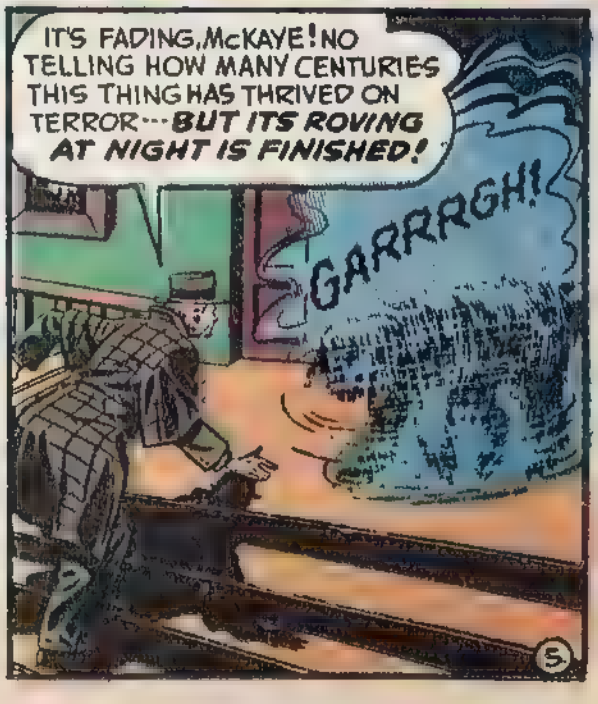

"SLOWLY THE FINGER MOVED···SEARING THE VIVID SYMBOLS ON THE WALL···"
12
MARCH
28

"Then···IN A DAZZLING BURST OF COLOR···
THE HAND'S GONE! WHAT HAPPENS NOW, O'DONNELL?
THAT DEPENDS! LET'S SEE WHO'S RAPPING AT THE FRONT DOOR!
NOK! NOK!

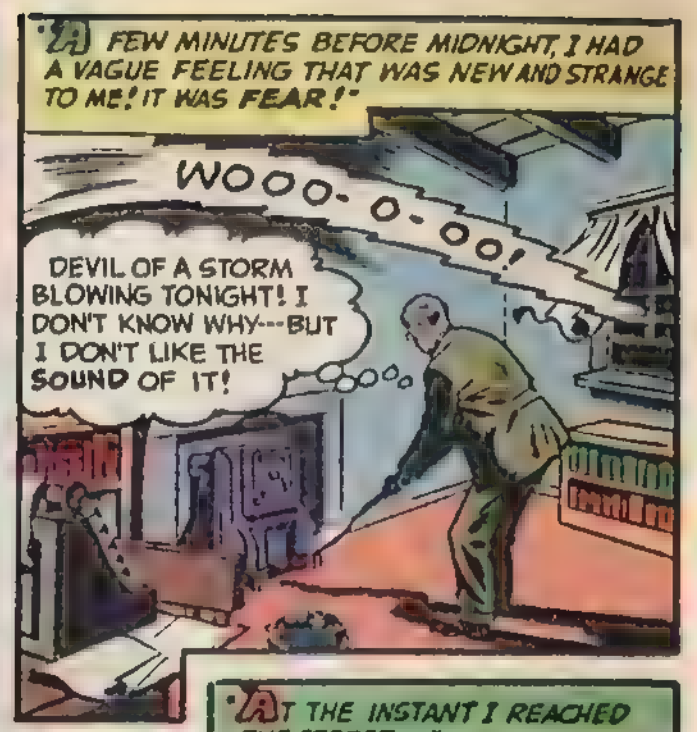

BEG YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN···I HEARD A WEE BIT NOISE AND THOUGHT I'D HAVE A LOOK!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, OFFICER···WE'RE JUST TRYING TO SCARE UP A GHOST OR TWO!

AY? WEEL, I WOULDNA GIVE ANY GHOSTIE A CHANCE WI' A DOG LIKE THAT IN THE HOUSE!
DOG?


"THERE IT WAS··· FULLY VISIBLE IN THE BEAM OF LIGHT ···BUT NOT A DOG!"
THAT'S IT···THE THING I SAW IN THE NURSERY! FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, MAN···DON'T GO UP!
WHY NOT? FEAR IS NO ANSWER TO THE SUPERNATURAL!

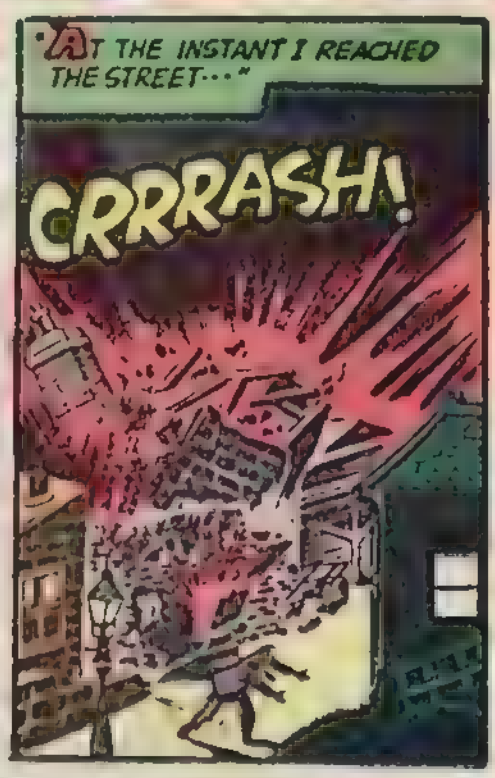

IT'S FADING, McKAYE! NO TELLING HOW MANY CENTURIES THIS THING HAS THRIVED ON TERROR···BUT ITS ROVING AT NIGHT IS FINISHED!
GARRRGH!

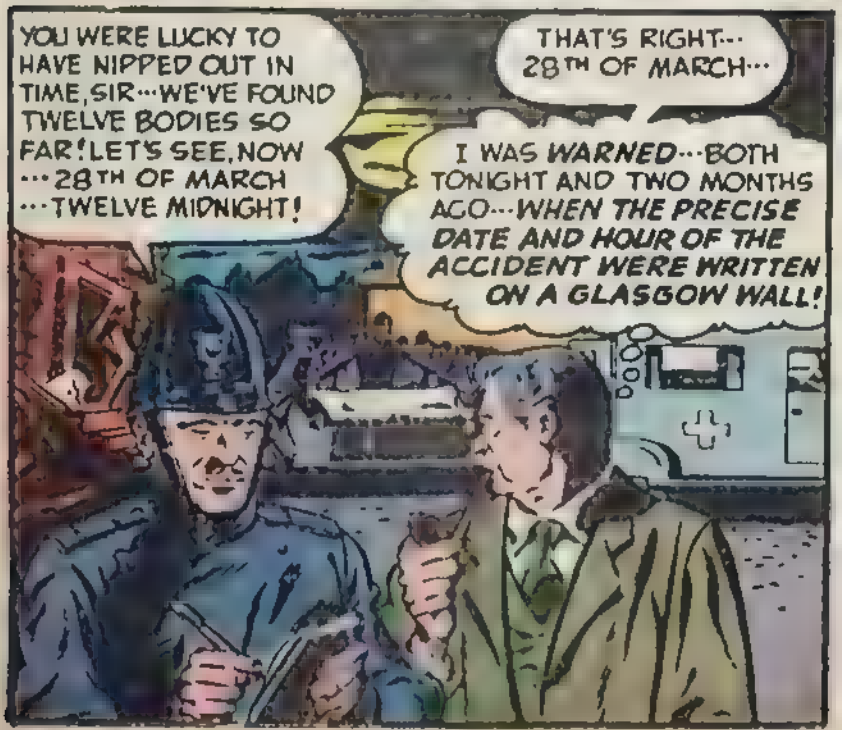
NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT HOUSE BEING HAUNTED, EH? BUT YOU'LL BE WANTING TO KNOW ABOUT THE MESSAGE ON THE WALL! I HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT---AND WAS SITTING IN MY APARTMENT ONE STORMY NIGHT NEARLY TWO MONTHS LATER...

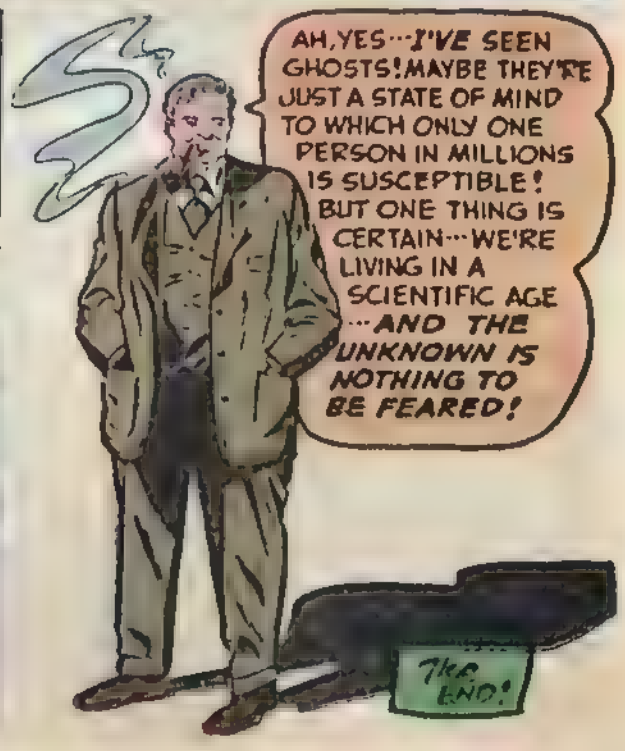

"A FEW MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT, I HAD A VAGUE FEELING THAT WAS NEW AND STRANGE TO ME! IT WAS FEAR!"
WOOO-O-OO!
DEVIL OF A STORM BLOWING TONIGHT! I DON'T KNOW WHY---BUT I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT!

SUDDENLY---FROM A DARKENED CORNER---
THAT ONE AGAIN ---AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?

ANOTHER FADEOUT THROUGH THE WINDOW, EH? THIS TIME I'M GOING TO TRY TO FOLLOW THE THING!


"AT THE INSTANT I REACHED THE STREET---"
CRRRASH!


YOU WERE LUCKY TO HAVE NIPPED OUT IN TIME, SIR---WE'VE FOUND TWELVE BODIES SO FAR! LET'S SEE, NOW ---28TH OF MARCH ---TWELVE MIDNIGHT!
THAT'S RIGHT--- 28TH OF MARCH---
I WAS WARNED---BOTH TONIGHT AND TWO MONTHS AGO---WHEN THE PRECISE DATE AND HOUR OF THE ACCIDENT WERE WRITTEN ON A GLASGOW WALL!


AH, YES---I'VE SEEN GHOSTS! MAYBE THEY'RE JUST A STATE OF MIND TO WHICH ONLY ONE PERSON IN MILLIONS IS SUSCEPTIBLE! BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN---WE'RE LIVING IN A SCIENTIFIC AGE ---AND THE UNKNOWN IS NOTHING TO BE FEARED!
THE END!

True Ghosts of History

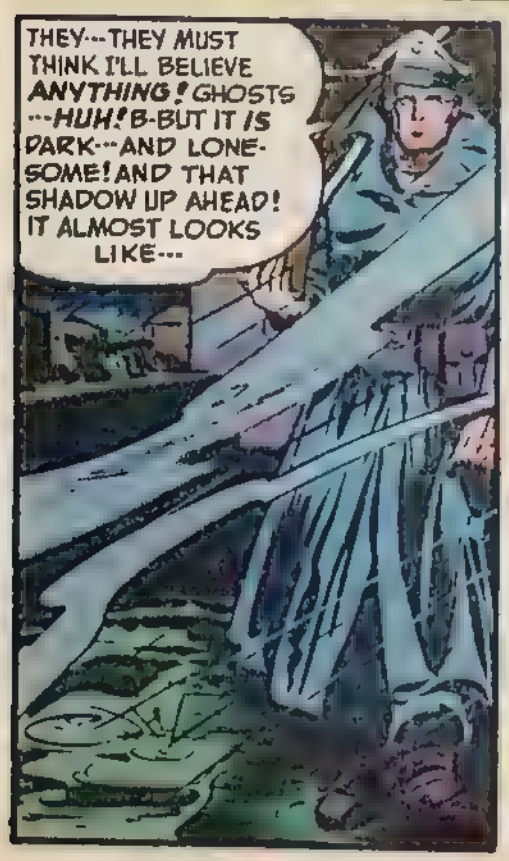
"The ST. MARY'S SPECTER"

SOME NIGHT FOR GUARD DUTY! BLIMEY, YOUNGSTER, YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT!

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN OUT THERE IN THE DARK! BETTER WATCH OUT FOR GHOSTS! HAW-HAW!

G-GHOSTS? YOU CAN'T SCARE M-ME THAT WAY!

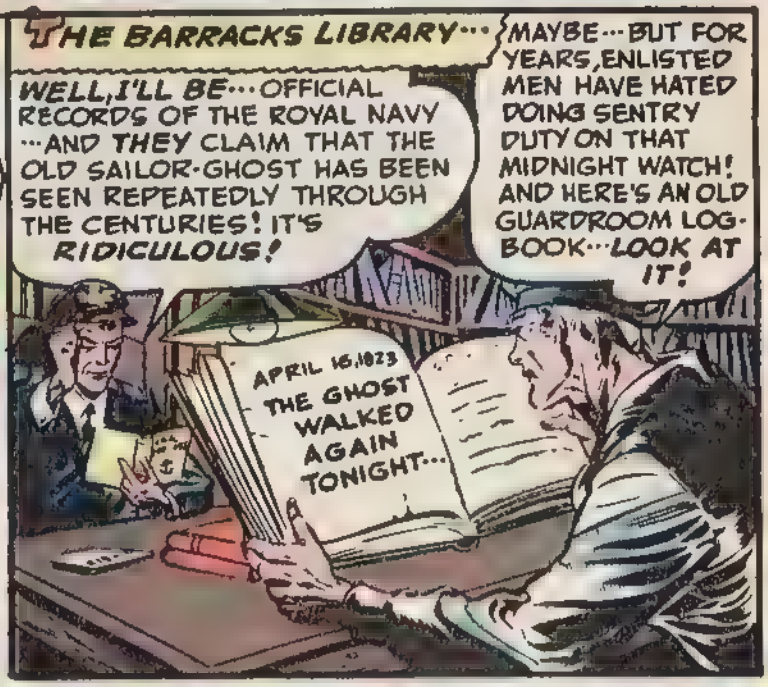
"TRUE" GHOSTS MAY SEEM A STRANGE TITLE ··· BECAUSE THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANY SCIENTIFIC PROOF THAT THEY EXIST! BUT HISTORY RECORDS MANY CASES OF PERSONS CLAIMING TO HAVE SEEN SPECTERS! LET'S SCAN THE EVIDENCE OF ONE OF THESE CASES! OUR STORY STARTS AT THE OLD ST. MARY'S NAVAL BARRACKS AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND, IN 1946···



YOU, JOHNSON! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY HAVE YOU LEFT YOUR POST?
I--- I SAW A GHOST, SIR! THE GHOST OF AN OLD ENGLISH SAILOR!

A GHOST, HE SAYS! HA-HA!
SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DRINKING?
BEGGIN' YER PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M THE ONLY OLD HAND HERE, AN' I HAPPEN TO KNOW ---THE YOUNG UN'S RIGHT! HE'S SEEN THE ST. MARY'S SPECTER!

ST. MARY'S SPECTER! WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS?
IT'S TRUE, SIR! WHAT JOHNSON SAW WAS THE GHOST OF ONE OF ADMIRAL NELSON'S SAILORS! FOR OVER 150 YEARS, HE'S BEEN A-HAUNTIN' THE RAMPARTS ON THE MIDNIGHT WATCH---LIMPIN' ALONG ON A CRUTCH, THEN DISAPPEARIN' INTO THE MOAT! I---I CAN PROVE IT TO YOU, SIR!


THE BARRACKS LIBRARY---
WELL, I'LL BE---OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE ROYAL NAVY ---AND THEY CLAIM THAT THE OLD SAILOR-GHOST HAS BEEN SEEN REPEATEDLY THROUGH THE CENTURIES! IT'S RIDICULOUS!
MAYBE---BUT FOR YEARS, ENLISTED MEN HAVE HATED DOING SENTRY DUTY ON THAT MIDNIGHT WATCH! AND HERE'S AN OLD GUARDROOM LOG-BOOK---LOOK AT IT!
APRIL 16, 1823
THE GHOST WALKED AGAIN TONIGHT...

THIS TALK OF GHOSTS--- ALL BALDERDASH! THE ST. MARY'S SPECTER IS EASY ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN---WHEN THE WIND IS BLOWING IN A CERTAIN DIRECTION, THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE SENTRY REVERBERATE AND PRODUCE AN ECHO IMMEDIATELY BEHIND HIM! THAT'S YOUR GHOST!
THINK SO, SIR? THEN LOOK!

ECHOES DON'T DRESS LIKE 18TH CENTURY SAILORS ---NOR DO THEY LIMP ALONG ON CRUTCHES!
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS HAVE CARRIED THIS STORY OF THE ST. MARY'S SPECTER--- AND ITS EXISTENCE HAS NEVER BEEN DISPROVED! WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?

RESCUE OUT of the UNKNOWN

AT Barron's Continental Circus, it was time for "Magic on the Flying Trapeze" . . . starring Lily and George LeBecque! High above the arena, pert, dark Lily LeBecque stood poised on the swinging trapeze. Suddenly, as the cymbals clanged and the spectators stifled cries of fear, she launched into a plunging dive, hurtling down from her perch at headlong speed towards the deceptively soft-looking turf below!

A hundred feet away, smoothly, almost effortlessly, her husband, George, slipped his trapeze into position. For a moment, it appeared as though Lily would shoot by . . . to a certain death! And then—strong arms reached forward and plucked Lily out of mid-air—to safety! The tension broken, the spectators cheered, whistled, stamped their feet, left the arena singing the praises of the flying LeBecques.

"What a pair . . . what *teamwork!* She seems to know every move he's making . . . every second! No wonder she can go through the entire act with a *blindfold* around her eyes!"

"And the way he gets to her and breaks her dive at the last moment! Those two are more than a team . . . they're *really* magic!"

George and Lily LeBecque *were* more than a team! George *knew* every move that Lily was going to make! He knew her every thought. And Lily *knew,* to the split second, when George's lean, powerful fingers would grasp her own, in mid-air, and break her dive! She knew . . . always . . . what George was thinking and doing. She knew when things were going well . . . and when there was danger. The LeBecques never applied a name to the sixth sense that was the lifeline of their existence. They accepted it, an unknown force that bound them closely together and held them safe.

The night that George's trapeze snapped in two, Lily was crouched on her perch, muscles tensed to spring off into space in her final dive. At the last instant, it was as though an arm had reached out of space and held her back, halted her headlong leap. Her heart skipped a beat. She knew, suddenly, that this time George would not be there to catch her up and break her fall! George would not be there . . . she *knew!* Lily LeBecque tottered, slipped. In a last despairing effort, she hooked an elbow around the cross bar, saved herself from a crushing fall. George fell instead, as the broken trapeze gave way.

At the hospital, they told Lily that George's back was broken. Yes, he had a chance to live . . . if he would fight for it!

Lily answered simply: "Of course, we will fight!"

George said only, "I will live to see the LeBecques on the high trapeze again . . . soon!" To Lily, he insisted, "In the meantime, the act must go on! You will get a new partner until I return! I will direct you!"

Reluctantly, Lily agreed. The week's practice went swiftly. Each morning, George issued instructions from his hospital bed. "Practice the dives most of all!" he would insist, "and the timing . . . the *timing!*"

Each evening, when Lily came back to the hospital, he seemed to know how the session had gone. When the practice went well, he was well. As the new team improved, George seemed to improve, too. It was as though George could *see* the practice sessions from the hospital bed. It was as though George was *living* for Lily's reappearance in the arena! In a week, the new partner was as ready as he would ever be. He knew the motions. But he did *not* know, he could never know, his partner's every move, every thought, as George LeBecque had known them! Lily LeBecque, as she waited for her cue on the night of the big show, felt cold. For the first time in her career, she was *afraid!*

That night, as he lay on his hospital bed, in more pain than he would admit, George LeBecque saw Lily's performance unfold before his eyes like a movie on a screen. In his mind's eye, he saw her swing out for the final dive, the great plunge towards the waiting, swinging arms of her partner 100 feet below. . . .

In the arena, as Lily, blindfold over her eyes, spangled costume gleaming in the light, swung out for her final dive, she could not see—or *feel*—that her new partner, nervous, had slipped, missed his timing. But she could hear the gasps, the cries of warning from the crowd:

"He's not going to reach her in time! He *can't* catch her!"

Lily LeBecque tore the blindfold from her eyes. Down she hurtled, heading towards . . . *her death!*

In the crowd, there were few who could agree on what happened next. Some said Lily just "stopped" . . . in mid-air! Others insisted she soared suddenly up, like a slim, shining bird taking off in flight. But everyone saw her twist sharply over the arena, in a last, despairing effort, it seemed. And everyone saw her shoot up . . . up . . . *up!* With their own eyes, they saw her reach the nearest overhead trapeze! Then the tumult broke over the arena. A thousand straining voices shouted: "Lily LeBecque is safe! She's been saved . . . *saved!* It's a miracle . . . a miracle . . . *a miracle!*"

No one but Lily herself saw the dark, shadowy figure that had appeared in the air, out of nowhere . . . out of the *unknown!* The dark, shadowy figure that caught her, broke her fall, lifted her to the safety of the high trapeze. When the blood flowed back to her face, when once again she could lift her head, Lily looked about. The dark figure had gone. In the length and breadth of the huge arena, no one else had seen it. But Lily LeBecque *knew* that *he* had been there. For an instant, her eyes turned to the clock at the far end of the arena. The dial registered 8:02 P.M.

Almost against her will, the old, the unknown force drew Lily to the hospital. Something told her what she would find. Her husband, George, was . . . *dead!* In his hand, as she looked upon him for the last time, he held . . . a single, gleaming spangle from an aerialist's costume! The hospital record listed the time of his death . . . 8:02 P.M.!

Had George LeBecque's spirit lived on just long enough to save his wife? Had the flying LeBecques, in death as in life, remained the "perfect team"? Again, as though prompted by a voice from the timeless spaces of the *unknown* . . . silent, haunted Lily LeBecque knew the answer to these questions.

The WOMEN WORE BLACK!

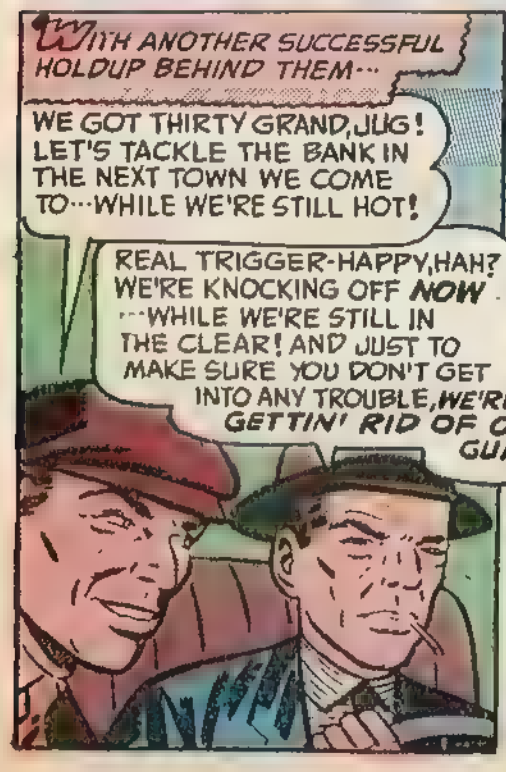
JUSTICE MAY BE SHAKEN OFF THE SCENT··· FATE MAY BE FORESTALLED···BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM A **GYPSY CURSE!** HARDENED CRIMINALS FOUND WHAT TERROR A DESERTED HOUSE CAN HOLD··· WHEN GHOSTLY VENGEANCE LURKED IN THE SHADOWS···**AND THE WOMEN WORE BLACK!**

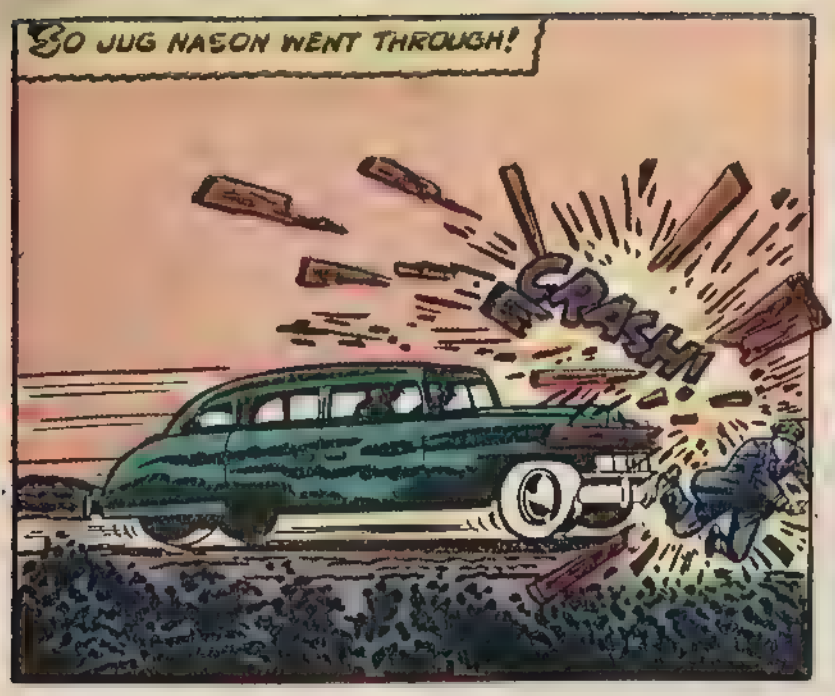
"MAD DOG ROBBERS" HIT FIFTH BANK IN WEEK! JUG NASON AND ACCOMPLICE ELUDE POLICE IN DARING GETAWAY!

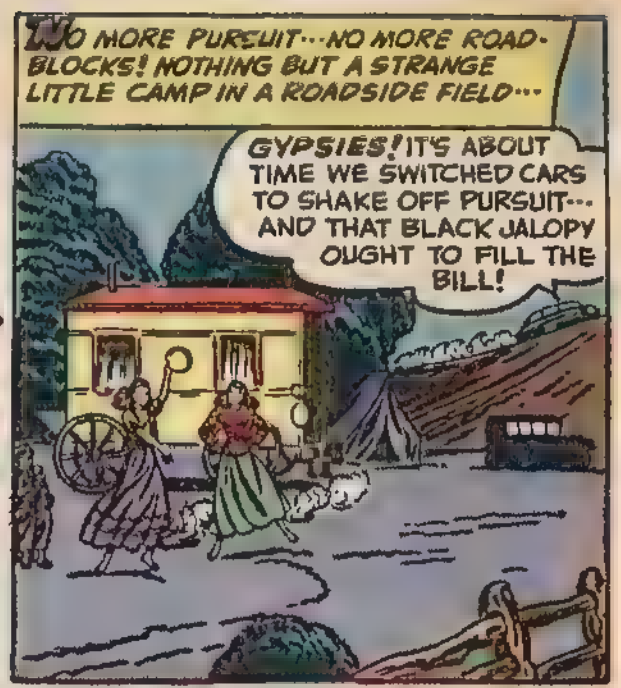
NEW YORKER GIVEN 30-DAY JAIL TERM

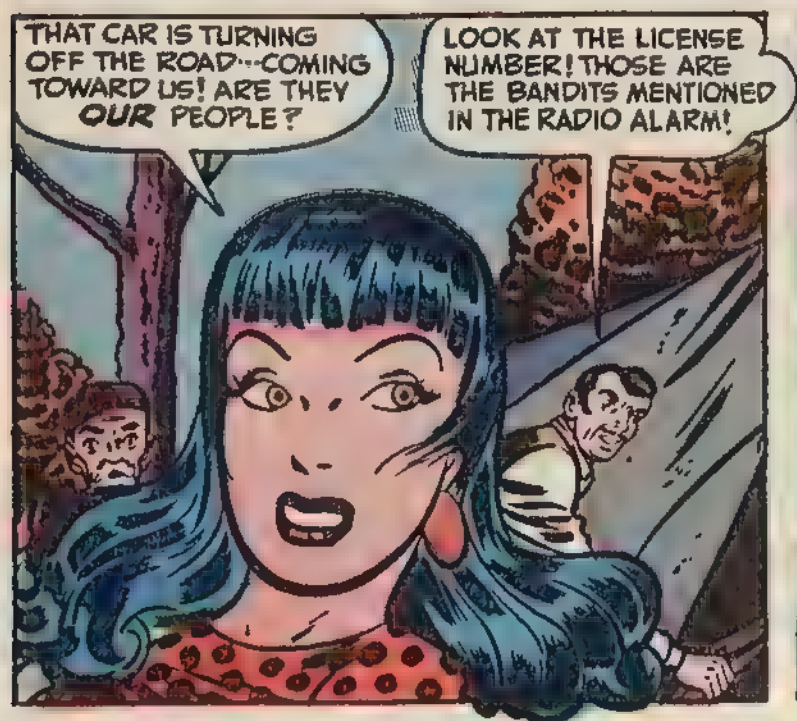
City-Wide Ballot Boycott Order

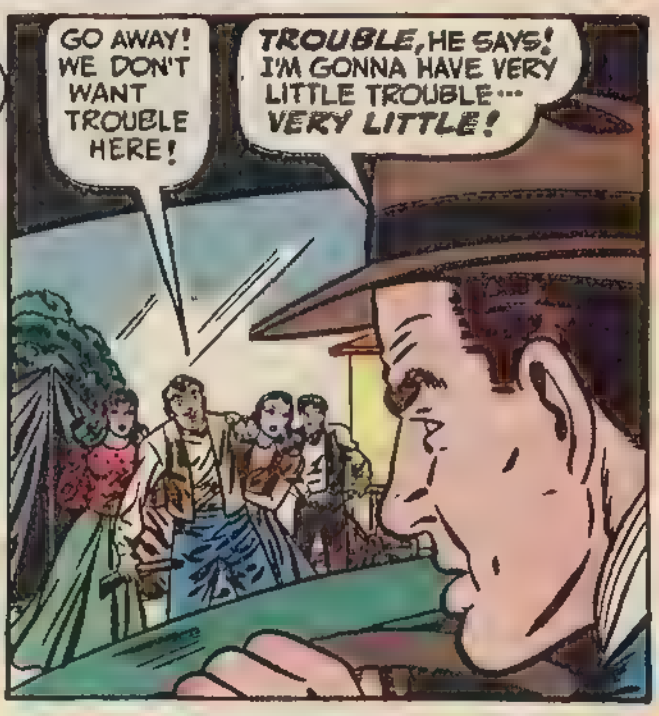
BANK

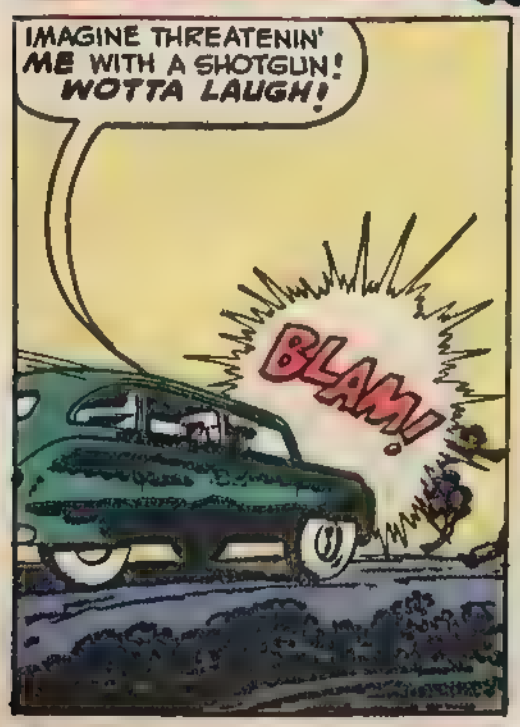



SO JUG NASON WENT THROUGH!
CRASH!

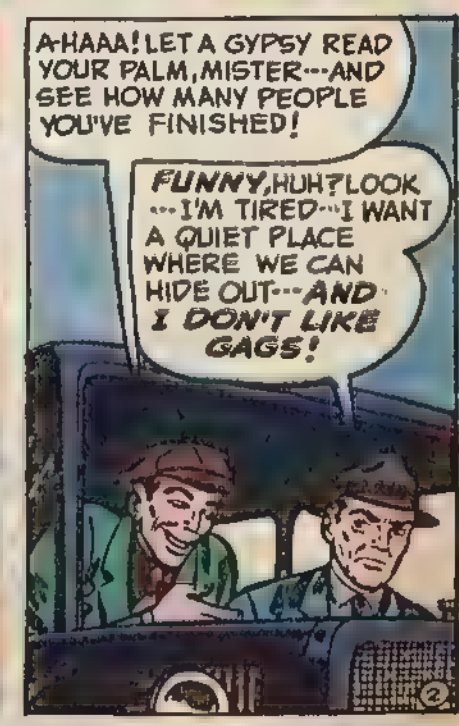

NO MORE PURSUIT···NO MORE ROAD-BLOCKS! NOTHING BUT A STRANGE LITTLE CAMP IN A ROADSIDE FIELD···
GYPSIES! IT'S ABOUT TIME WE SWITCHED CARS TO SHAKE OFF PURSUIT··· AND THAT BLACK JALOPY OUGHT TO FILL THE BILL!

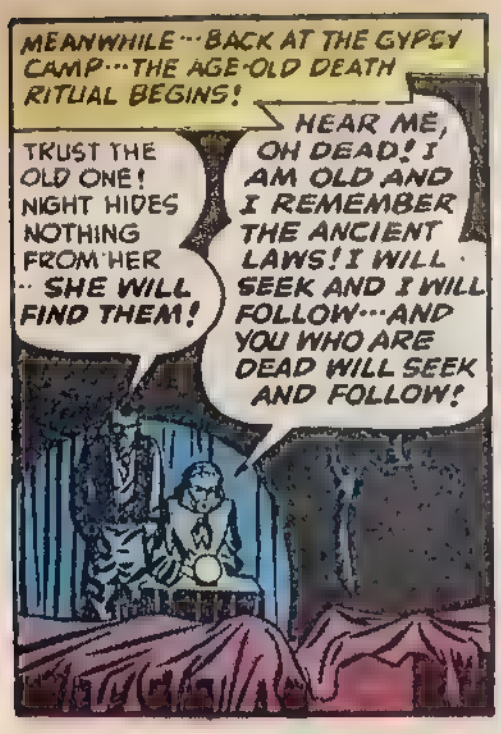

THAT CAR IS TURNING OFF THE ROAD···COMING TOWARD US! ARE THEY OUR PEOPLE?
LOOK AT THE LICENSE NUMBER! THOSE ARE THE BANDITS MENTIONED IN THE RADIO ALARM!


GO AWAY! WE DON'T WANT TROUBLE HERE!
TROUBLE, HE SAYS! I'M GONNA HAVE VERY LITTLE TROUBLE··· VERY LITTLE!


IMAGINE THREATENIN' ME WITH A SHOTGUN! WOTTA LAUGH!
BLAM!

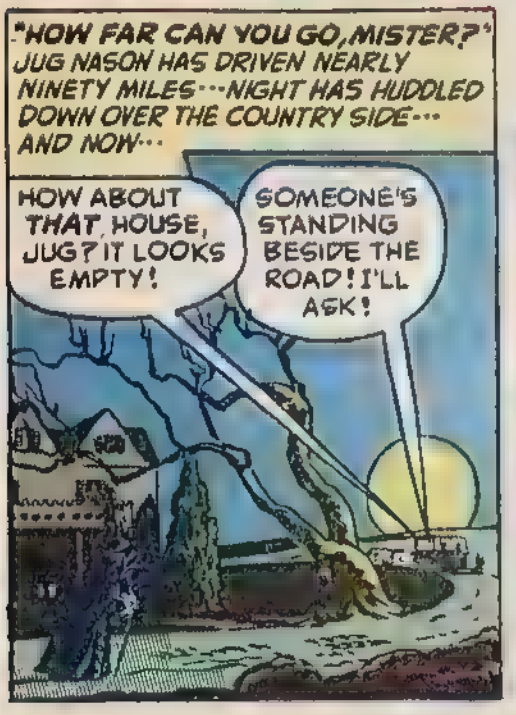
WHAT'S A SHOTGUN TO JUG NASON? AND WHAT'S A BENT, WISPY-HAIRED, SHUFFLING OLD WOMAN?
TWO OF OUR GIRLS DEAD···KILLED! MISTER··· HOW FAST CAN YOU DRIVE? HOW FAR CAN YOU GO, MISTER?
SHE'S WACKY! COME ON···GET IN!


A-HAAA! LET A GYPSY READ YOUR PALM, MISTER···AND SEE HOW MANY PEOPLE YOU'VE FINISHED!
FUNNY, HUH? LOOK ···I'M TIRED···I WANT A QUIET PLACE WHERE WE CAN HIDE OUT···AND I DON'T LIKE GAGS!


MEANWHILE···BACK AT THE GYPSY CAMP···THE AGE-OLD DEATH RITUAL BEGINS!
TRUST THE OLD ONE! NIGHT HIDES NOTHING FROM HER ·· SHE WILL FIND THEM!
HEAR ME, OH DEAD! I AM OLD AND I REMEMBER THE ANCIENT LAWS! I WILL SEEK AND I WILL FOLLOW···AND YOU WHO ARE DEAD WILL SEEK AND FOLLOW!

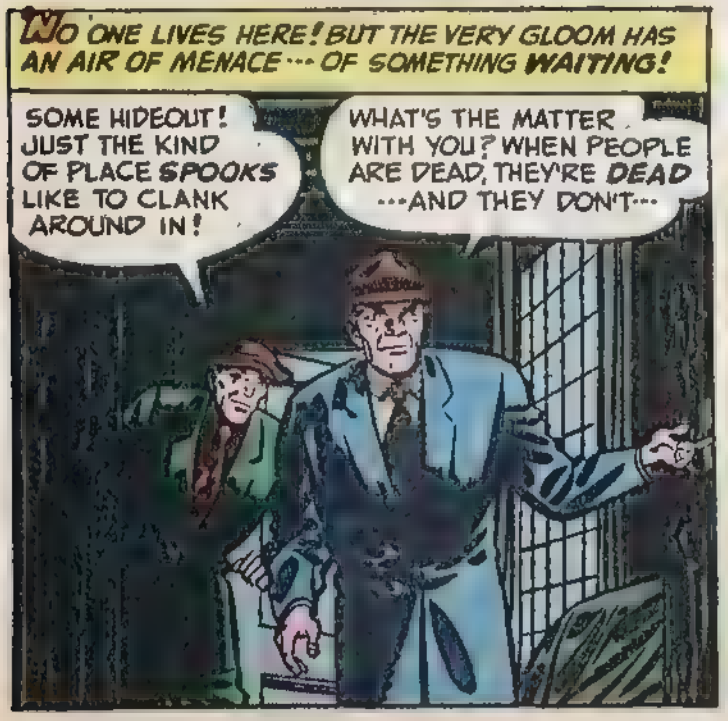
I SEE A HOUSE···A DARK HOUSE···A HOUSE OF DEATH! COME WITH ME, MURDERED ONES··· AND LET US WAIT!

A BLACK ROAD···AND BLACK SOULS RIDING IN A BLACK CAR···AND MAY A DARK FATE TAKE THEM!
THE OLD ONE IS IN A TRANCE! SHE HAS GONE OFF WITH THE DEAD··· SEARCHING!

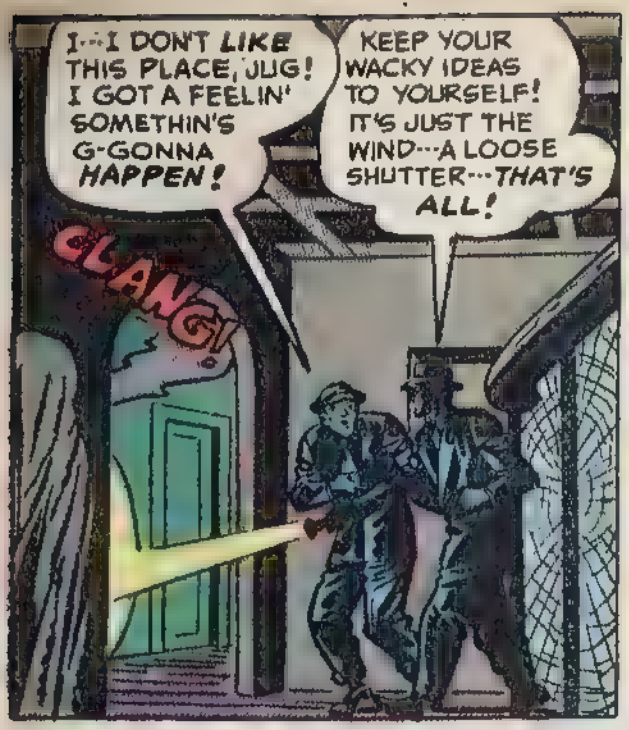

"HOW FAR CAN YOU GO, MISTER?" JUG NASON HAS DRIVEN NEARLY NINETY MILES···NIGHT HAS HUDDLED DOWN OVER THE COUNTRY SIDE··· AND NOW···
HOW ABOUT THAT HOUSE, JUG? IT LOOKS EMPTY!
SOMEONE'S STANDING BESIDE THE ROAD! I'LL ASK!

HEY, THERE ···ANYONE LIVE IN THIS JOINT?
AH, NO··· NO ONE LIVES HERE!

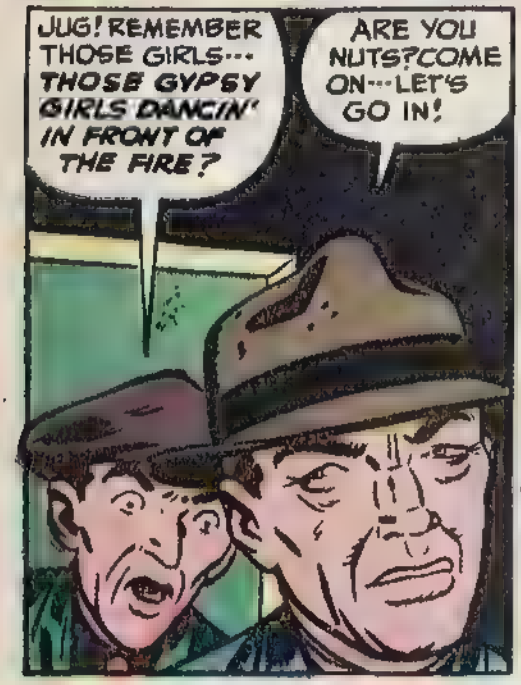
THE WORDS ARE HOLLOW AND HALTING···THE FAR-OFF WORDS OF AN OLD WOMAN IN A TRANCE!
I SEEM TO REMEMBER HER FROM SOMEWHERE, JUG!
SO WHAT? WE'LL HAVE TO PARK ON THE SLOPE···THE DRIVEWAY'S TOO CHOPPED UP DOWN BELOW!

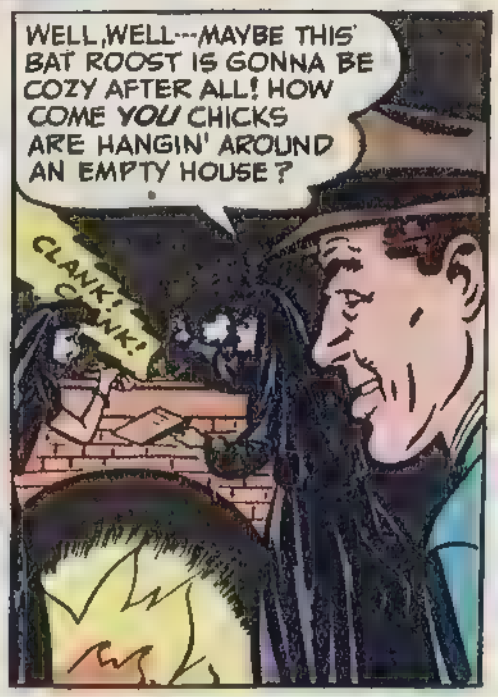

NO ONE LIVES HERE! BUT THE VERY GLOOM HAS AN AIR OF MENACE···OF SOMETHING WAITING!
SOME HIDEOUT! JUST THE KIND OF PLACE SPOOKS LIKE TO CLANK AROUND IN!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHEN PEOPLE ARE DEAD, THEY'RE DEAD ···AND THEY DON'T···

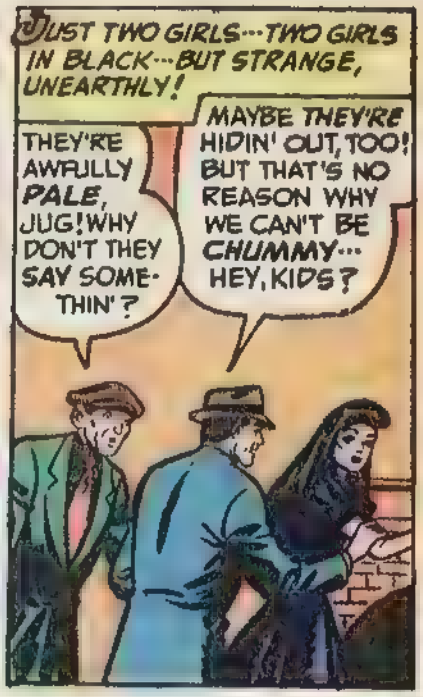
···MAKE NOISES···
CLANK!
CLANK!


I···I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE, JUG! I GOT A FEELIN' SOMETHIN'S G-GONNA HAPPEN!
KEEP YOUR WACKY IDEAS TO YOURSELF! IT'S JUST THE WIND···A LOOSE SHUTTER···THAT'S ALL!
CLANG!

BUT NO SHUTTER EVER SOUNDED LIKE A GHOSTLY TAMBOURINE···OR CAST DANCING SHADOWS ON A GLOWING WALL!
CLANK-CLANK! CLANK!

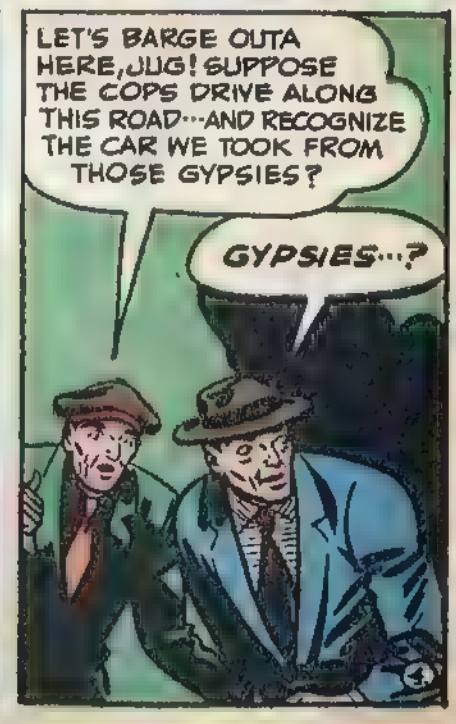

JUG! REMEMBER THOSE GIRLS··· THOSE GYPSY GIRLS DANCIN' IN FRONT OF THE FIRE?
ARE YOU NUTS? COME ON···LET'S GO IN!


WELL, WELL···MAYBE THIS BAT ROOST IS GONNA BE COZY AFTER ALL! HOW COME YOU CHICKS ARE HANGIN' AROUND AN EMPTY HOUSE?
CLANK! CLANK!

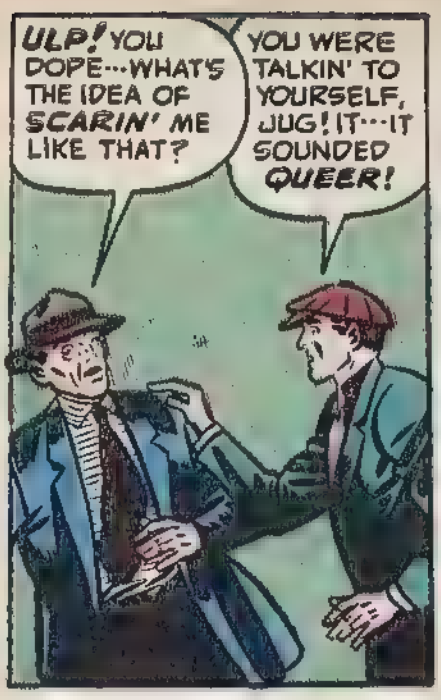

JUST TWO GIRLS···TWO GIRLS IN BLACK···BUT STRANGE, UNEARTHLY!
THEY'RE AWFULLY PALE, JUG! WHY DON'T THEY SAY SOMETHIN'?
MAYBE THEY'RE HIDIN' OUT, TOO! BUT THAT'S NO REASON WHY WE CAN'T BE CHUMMY··· HEY, KIDS?

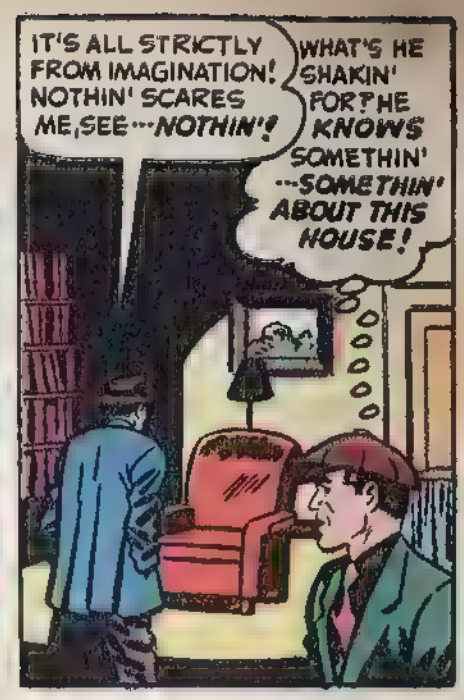
WELL, DARK EYES ···SAY SOMETHIN'! RELAX!

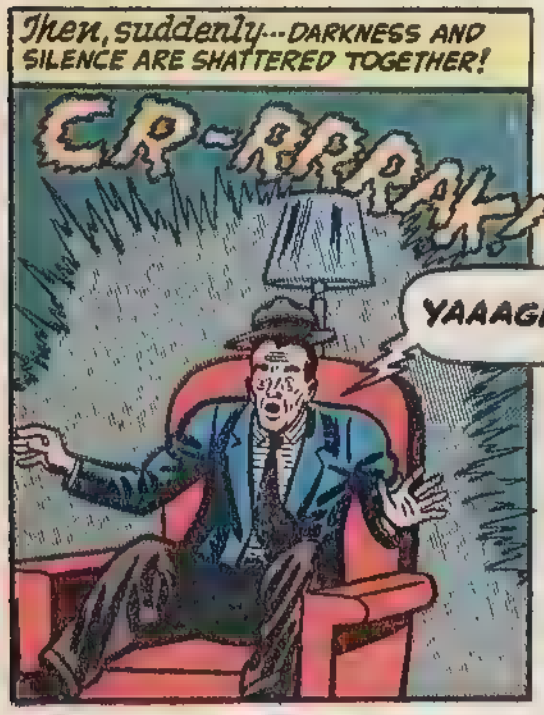
FUNNY···SHE'S COLD···COLD AS A PIECE OF ICE!

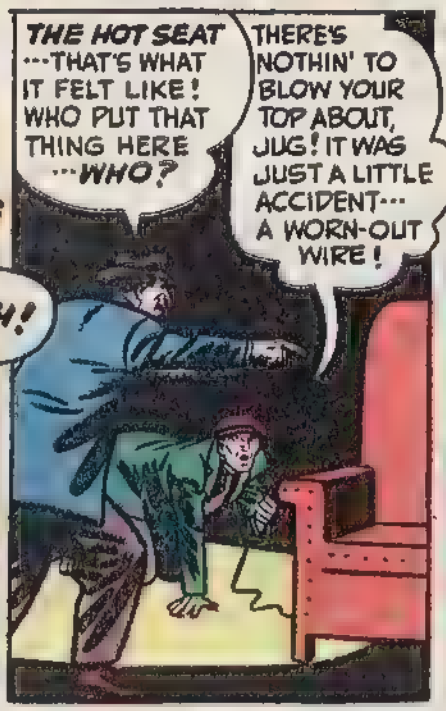

LET'S BARGE OUTA HERE, JUG! SUPPOSE THE COPS DRIVE ALONG THIS ROAD···AND RECOGNIZE THE CAR WE TOOK FROM THOSE GYPSIES?
GYPSIES···?

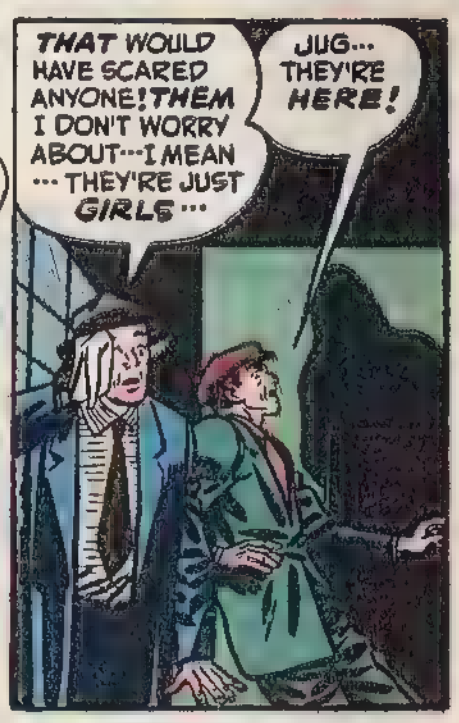
RATS, NO··· THEY CAN'T BE GYPSIES! GYPSIES WEAR PRETTY COLORED COSTUMES ···NOT CREEPY BLACK STUFF LIKE THAT!


ULP! YOU DOPE···WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SCARIN' ME LIKE THAT?
YOU WERE TALKIN' TO YOURSELF, JUG! IT···IT SOUNDED QUEER!


IT'S ALL STRICTLY FROM IMAGINATION! NOTHIN' SCARES ME, SEE···NOTHIN'!
WHAT'S HE SHAKIN' FOR? HE KNOWS SOMETHIN' ···SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS HOUSE!


Then, suddenly···DARKNESS AND SILENCE ARE SHATTERED TOGETHER!
CR-RRRAK!
YAAAGH!


THE HOT SEAT ···THAT'S WHAT IT FELT LIKE! WHO PUT THAT THING HERE ···WHO?
THERE'S NOTHIN' TO BLOW YOUR TOP ABOUT, JUG! IT WAS JUST A LITTLE ACCIDENT··· A WORN-OUT WIRE!


THAT WOULD HAVE SCARED ANYONE! THEM I DON'T WORRY ABOUT···I MEAN ··· THEY'RE JUST GIRLS···
JUG··· THEY'RE HERE!

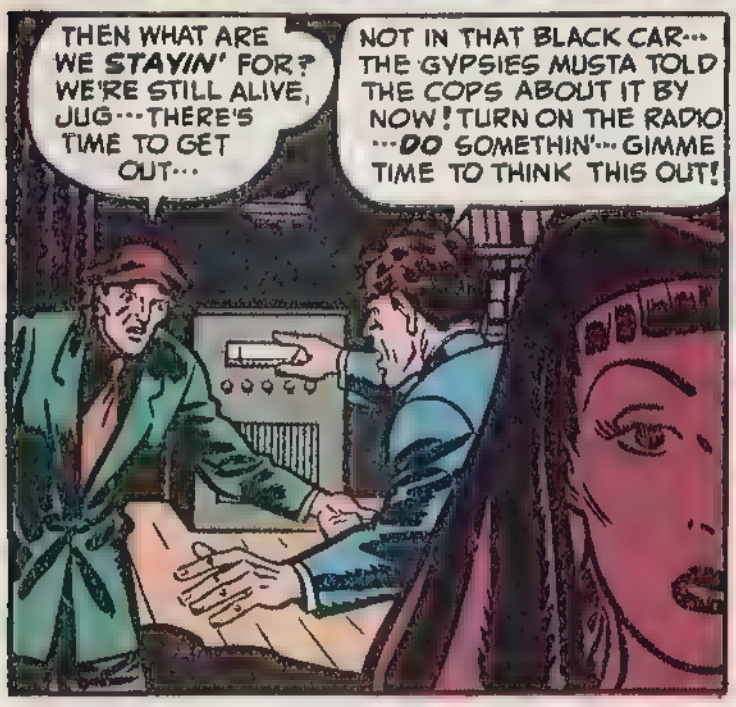
QUIET! THEY'RE AWFULLY QUIET!
SHE'S TELLIN' FORTUNES, JUG! THEY'RE VERY GOOD WITH THE CARDS··· THOSE GYPSIES!

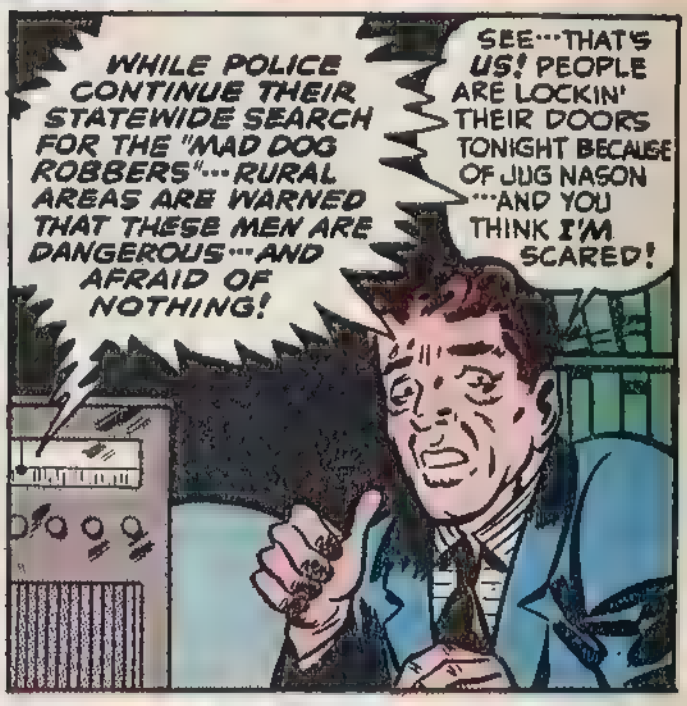
GYPSIES! WHO SAID THEY'RE GYPSIES?
JUG···FOR THE LUVVA PETE···PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME SAY THAT··· HONEST!

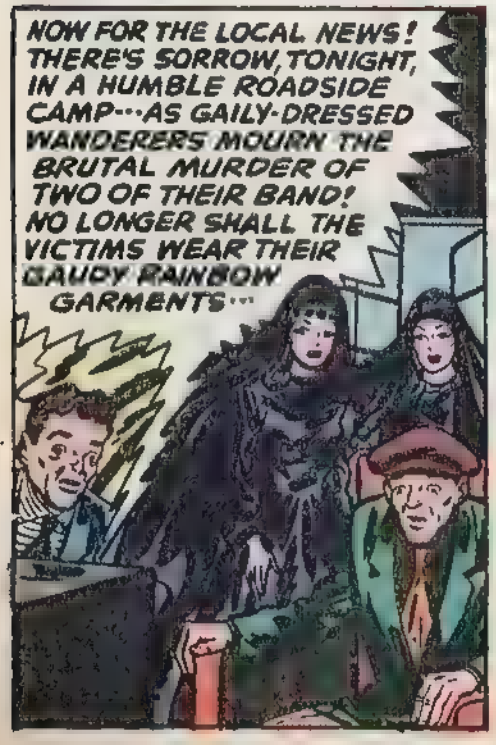
I NEVER SAW A QUIET DAME WHO DIDN'T KNOW SOMETHIN'! I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT IT IS···NOW!

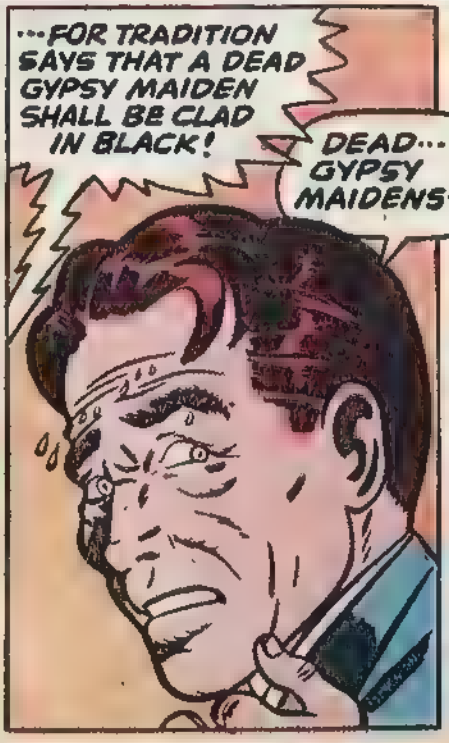
STOP THAT STARIN'···FROM ME TO THE FLOOR···FROM ME TO THE FLOOR! Y-YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME···THERE'S NOTHIN' THERE···

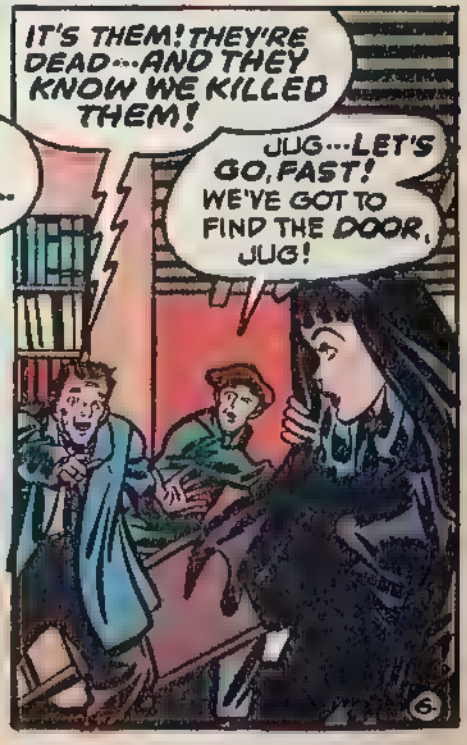
THE ACE OF SPADES···THE DEATH CARD! I KNEW IT ···I KNEW IT···I CAN FEEL IT ALL OVER THIS PLACE!


THEN WHAT ARE WE STAYIN' FOR? WE'RE STILL ALIVE, JUG···THERE'S TIME TO GET OUT···
NOT IN THAT BLACK CAR··· THE GYPSIES MUSTA TOLD THE COPS ABOUT IT BY NOW! TURN ON THE RADIO ···DO SOMETHIN'··· GIMME TIME TO THINK THIS OUT!

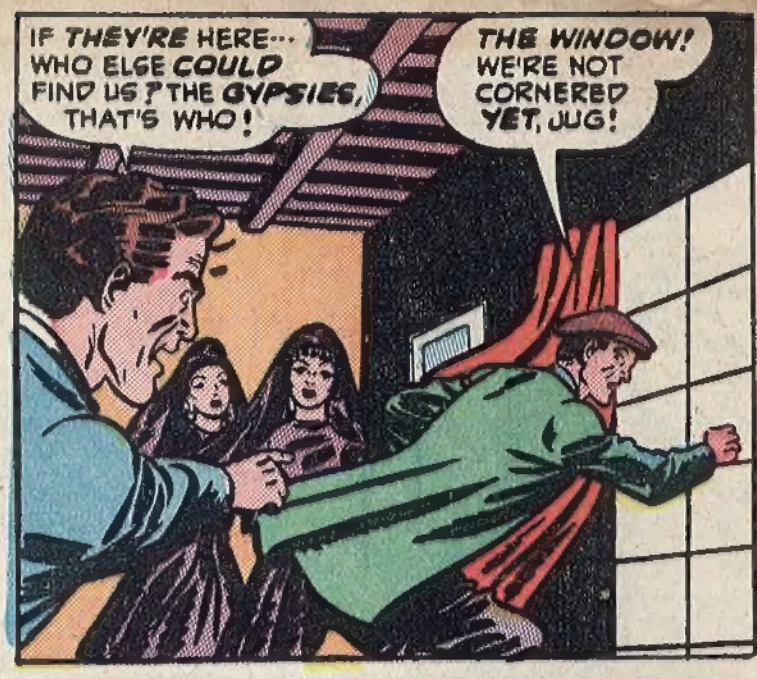

WHILE POLICE CONTINUE THEIR STATEWIDE SEARCH FOR THE "MAD DOG ROBBERS"···RURAL AREAS ARE WARNED THAT THESE MEN ARE DANGEROUS···AND AFRAID OF NOTHING!
SEE···THAT'S US! PEOPLE ARE LOCKIN' THEIR DOORS TONIGHT BECAUSE OF JUG NASON ···AND YOU THINK I'M SCARED!

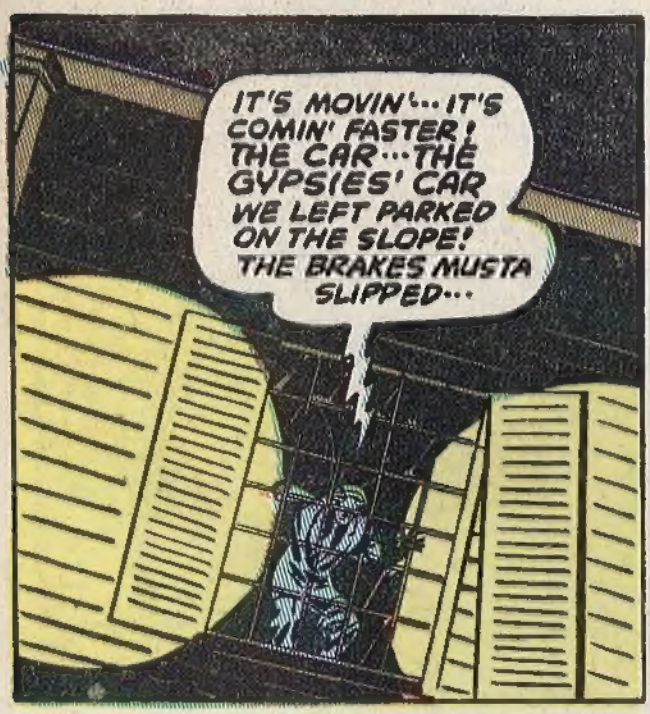

NOW FOR THE LOCAL NEWS! THERE'S SORROW, TONIGHT, IN A HUMBLE ROADSIDE CAMP···AS GAILY-DRESSED WANDERERS MOURN THE BRUTAL MURDER OF TWO OF THEIR BAND! NO LONGER SHALL THE VICTIMS WEAR THEIR GAUDY RAINBOW GARMENTS···


···FOR TRADITION SAYS THAT A DEAD GYPSY MAIDEN SHALL BE CLAD IN BLACK!
DEAD··· GYPSY MAIDENS···


IT'S THEM! THEY'RE DEAD···AND THEY KNOW WE KILLED THEM!
JUG···LET'S GO, FAST! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE DOOR, JUG!

THE DOOR! BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE···
FOOTSTEPS! THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE···AND THEY'RE COMIN' AFTER US!
SURE··· AND I KNOW WHO!
THUMP··· THUMP··· THUMP···


IF THEY'RE HERE··· WHO ELSE COULD FIND US? THE GYPSIES, THAT'S WHO!
THE WINDOW! WE'RE NOT CORNERED YET, JUG!


IT'S MOVIN'··· IT'S COMIN' FASTER! THE CAR···THE GYPSIES' CAR WE LEFT PARKED ON THE SLOPE! THE BRAKES MUSTA SLIPPED···

CRRRASH!

AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT···
IT'S NASON AND HIS SIDEKICK, ALL RIGHT···BUT YOU CAN PUT AWAY YOUR GUN, MURPHY! THEY'RE FINISHED!

LUCKY FOR YOU THESE RATS DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD SPOTTED THEM FROM NEXT DOOR! STRANGE WAY TO DIE···AND MIGHTY STRANGE THAT CAR HAPPENED TO ROLL DOWN THE SLOPE!
BUT THAT'S WHAT I PHONED ABOUT! I DIDN'T SEE THESE MEN AT ALL···JUST AN OLD WOMAN TINKERING WITH THE CAR··· AN OLD WOMAN IN A BRIGHTLY-COLORED GYPSY COSTUME!

WHAT IS TIME···WHAT IS DISTANCE··· WHEN THE DEAD MUST BE AT REST? AT THAT INSTANT···FAR FROM THE BLACK HOUSE OF DOOM···
THE OLD ONE HAS AWAKENED FROM HER TRANCE···AND THE BODIES OF OUR MAIDENS HAVE RETURNED!
IT IS DONE··· IT IS DONE! THEY ARE AT PEACE NOW!

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REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

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MAIL COUPON NOW!

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